

WARREN
MAGAZINE



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#117

JULY 1975

FAMOUS

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

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OUR EDITOR
NAMES HIS

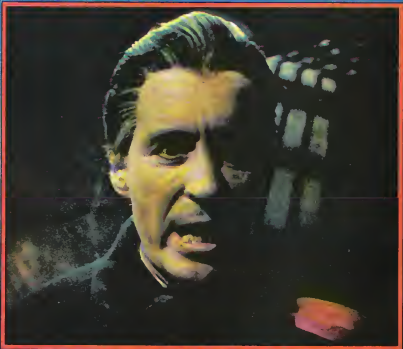
5
FAVORITE
FRIGHT
FILMS



THIS ISSUE:
**PETER
CUSHING
AND
CHRISTOPHER
LEE**

SPECIAL 20-PAGE TRIBUTE TO RAY HARRYHAUSEN

DRACULA WANTS YOU!



CALLING ALL BLOOD BROTHERS! Count Dracula, we know, from Bela Lugosi to Christopher Lee, never drinks wine. But you, like he, will be intoxicated by the exhilarating contents of this carefully selected issue. Summer is the season for hot times... which is why we've prepared this sizzling number for you. Dracula wouldn't have it any other way.

PRETTY



SNAKY!

SABU, don't you know playing with snakes bigger than you is tabu? Well, that's your problem.

Our problem is bringing you an issue of FM each time to at least equal if not better the number that went before.

This time, how can we lose for we choose to spotlight one of the most beloved creators in all creaturedom:

RAY HARRYHAUSEN!

Nineteen pages, plus the

outrageous back cover. Twenty pages in all. Count 'em.

We think we snaked—or, sneaked—one over on Ray, coming up with this Happy Birthday issue for him without his knowing it. And there'll be even more about him nexttime, so don't go 'way!

But this time—it's **CHRIS-TOPHER LEE** in addition to all sorts of exciting stuff for the buff!

*FORREST
ACKERLY*



THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO



BRUCE HANSON

...better known to Ye Ed as "Cherokee" Bruce for reasons having nothing whatsoever to do with the Indian tribe. Any Dad who would saddle his lad with the name of Russell FORREST Hanson, just because he likes ole FJA, can't be ALL good. But for many favors from this friend this issue is gratefully dedicated to Bruce Hanson... ONE pop who, you better believe it, isn't going to stop his son & daughter from reading FM! —Forry

COOL JEWEL

I think FM is pretty cool. My mother thinks it's a waste of money but I think it's a waste of money when she buys her plant books! I really like them guys who complain and put your mag down and I always say one of these days I'm gonna tell them a thing or two, so if this gets printed, which with my luck it won't, I just want to say, "All you guys who say stuff about FM, you're more frightening than the magazine itself!"

JOEY GINEO
Rockville, Conn.

GENERAL REMARKS

While I am not a prolific Japanese monster film buff, I do & have enjoyed the 20 or so films I have seen from there. All told, I have seen, please believe me, 719 horror, mystery & science fiction films and yet only 20 from Japan. Your Japanese Filmography was of the greatest appeal to me. It introduced many films that I & probably most of your fans have never heard of. Your other articles, especially the fine one on THE MANSTER, were good but I still believe your text is too childish for your average reader. Your stills are great but many of your articles are simply too juvenile to read.

In defense of the prosecution, I must say that your "anonymous" critic really does have some good points. It is absolutely true that the original FRANKENSTEIN & DRACULA scared people. But nowadays, about the only stable & secure people who got scared by these two films are under the age of 12. Actually, very few movies have scared me. Only two times have I actually been scared of a movie alone, THE EXORCIST & BLACK SABBATH.

It seems to me that all your fans think FM is the best of its kind. Sorry, but I disagree. However, being that FM was the first, and being that it is the most popular & most publicized, I will continue to purchase new & old FMs. Mr. Ackerman, you have created a legend. Please, if you ever decide you must retire, you really must see that FM is still made the way you have made it for the last 17 years.

TOM MILLER
W. Lafayette, Ind.

Never fear, Dr. Arkula is here & plans to continue editing till at least 2001. So, if you can stand it, you can look forward to another quarter century of issues as before; i.e., ranging from rotten to lousy.

PRIZE PREDICAMENT

After reading your prize magazine since issue #90, I have at last decided to write I have just finished #115 and I must say your taste in articles grows like the nice flavor of wine, with age. The best, of course, being on Lugosi and your quiz.

I would like to see a reprint of 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH.

Out of all the monster mags out now I would just like to say yours is of the finer quality and I would be willing to bet yours shall last the next 9 years to have a great & magnificent 200th issue!!!

In closing I would just like to say that when you add your little puns & jokes it gives the picture a little bit of RELIEF and it gives the mag a little humor and CLASS. Keep it up.

LOUIE SEDLACEK
North Platte, Neb.

"Ask & Ye shall receive," Note first half of 20 MILL., as requested, in this issue!

WANTED! More Readers Like



JAMES E. SMALLWOOD

KUDOS FOR CAPTAIN CO.

I am not writing to tell you that you have a very GREAT magazine (which you most certainly do!)—I am writing to tell the other readers about your mail orders. I would like to tell them that it really gives you your money's worth! I sent off for an article and may I have you know that it got here in exactly 2 weeks. It was exactly what I wanted and it was exactly the way it was described in the book. Unlike some magazines, yours doesn't color up what it really is. It tells you precisely what it is. So, to all of you who probably want something out of the catalog but afraid you'll get jipped, may I say to you: it is worth it!!!!!!

KERBY MOORE
(No address given)

Gentlemen, give that boy a free dictionary! We wouldn't want him to get jipped—er, GYPPED—out of a proper spelling education!

WANTED! More Readers Like



BETH VERDUNG

SWEET WORDS FROM SWEDEN

In #113 Donald Campbell has the nerve to accuse Forry of asking his readers for hand-outs. Anyone who has even the slightest interest in films in general & science fiction & fantasy in particular should be happy there are people who are willing to spend their time & money to preserve some of the otherwise-soon-scattered movie material for later generations to enjoy. Personally I have been reading & enjoying FM for 10 years now. I AM GOING TO CONTRIBUTE ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH OF THOSE YEARS so that some of that which I enjoyed may be saved for others to enjoy. I hope more readers will follow that example and I hope that I will once have the opportunity to visit the Ackermansson.

GUNNAR SYREN
Johanneshov, Sweden

Tak se myckett! plan to visit your country in July or August 1976 and hope to meet you then.

WANTED! More Readers Like



KAREL CAPEK the 3d
(Alias KEVIN F. O'MEARA)

PRICELESS

Mr. Warren, I would like to comment on your article concerning the rising cost of FM. I would pay any price for it. I've read the other mags and in my opinion the value of yours triples that of the others put together.

JAMES ALLEN
(No address on letter)

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OUR COVER
Ken Kelly, back by popular request with his exciting rendition of the classic skeleton fight from the great Ray Harryhausen monster thriller, Seventh Voyage of Sinbad!

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FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD

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55 CANDLES FOR RAY



mr. animation takes
the cake by mark
mcgee, founder of
the original ray
harryhausen fan club.

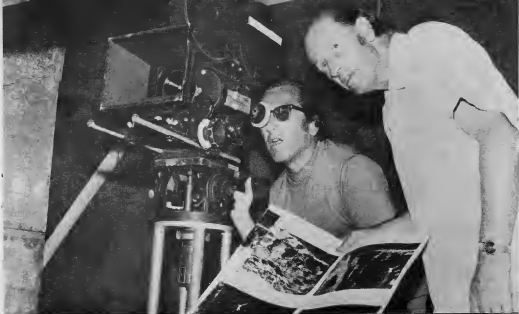
but first, a word from fja

RAY has reached the speed limit. 55! But what's this? He's not slowing down—if anything, he's speeding up! Planning even more ARRESTING special effects than ever before!

I facetiously suggested to him that, having topped the fabulous Skeleton Fight in the original SINBAD with the multi-skele-

ton slaughter in JASON, he might bring back to "life" those thousands of skeletons that Vlad the Impaler was responsible for and let them make mincemeat out of Bad Vlad. He just smiled that Enigmatic Harryhausen smile and said nothing...

Now let me step aside and let Mark McGee say a lot of things about Our Hero Harryhausen.



The pair of great teammates, Charles H. Schneer & Ray Harryhausen. Next we'll follow their most successful character on fabulous new adventures in **SINBAD AT THE END OF THE WORLD**.

the visually effective Ray

One of the surest indications that someone in the movie industry "has arrived" (other than the size of his salary) is when his (or her) name is made special note of in a TV Guide movie synopsis. Lately, whenever a local channel is running **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, **JASON & THE ARGONAUTS** or **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, in parenthesis, after the plot synopsis, it adds: *visual effects by Ray Harryhausen*.

To the legions of sci-fi & fantasy movie fans, not to mention those who take special interest in effects-oriented films, the name Ray Harryhausen is as familiar as a bottle of Coca Cola. Many of us grew up to the hum of his flying saucers and the roar of his Cyclops and could hardly wait another year until his next movie was released.

It would be safe to say, I think, that no other visual technician has had such an effect on his public. It hardly seems important that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences has not seen fit to honor the man with an award, as the reasons for such an obvious oversight haven't so much to do with Ray's merits as with studio politics. Ray's award is the knowledge that practically every young fan who has ever wanted to be an animator himself has, at one time or another, built his own version of the Cyclops or Ymir or a reasonable facsimile. If Harryhausen isn't the best animator in the business, he's certainly had the most influence. Fan clubs have been devoted

to him, articles have been written about him in *Argosy*, *Life*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Photon*, *Cinefantastique*, *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and he even has an entire magazine devoted to him, *Special Effects by Ray Harryhausen or FXRH*. And with the recent success of his latest film, **THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, it appears that Harryhausen will continue to reign as the High Priest of Cinema Wizardry.

early days

According to an article that appeared in a 1959 issue of *Argosy* magazine (by Dolph Sharp), Ray shot his first monster footage while he was in high school. He studied cinematography at the University of Southern California, sculpture & painting at Hollywood Art Center and the Art Students League in New York. He was given his first job animating the now-famous Puppetoon series for a man who was later to become the producer of such important landmarks as **DESTINATION MOON & WAR OF THE WORLDS** and director of **THE TIME MACHINE & 7 FACES OF DR. LAO**... George Pal. Interrupted in his work for a stint in the Signal Corps, Ray returned to produce a series of Puppetoons on his own, based on fairy tales such as *King Midas* and *Little Red Riding Hood*.

The next step in Ray's career was his union with Willis O'Brien, the man largely responsible



Ray Harryhausen's original drawing showing his concept of the battle between the Griffin & the Centaur and, below, the way the exciting scene materialized on the screen in *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, Columbia, 1974, color.



for the trick work in **THE LOST WORLD** and the legendary **KING KONG**, a film which had been Harryhausen's original inspiration and which he has seen well over 100 times. O'Brien liked Ray's enthusiasm and, in Ray's own words: "Willis O'Brien... encouraged me enormously." Ray was given the job of chief technician on the John Ford/Merian C. Cooper Production of **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**. While there were several animators on the film—O'Brien, Pete Peterson; even Marcel Delgado animated a brief sequence—it was Ray Harryhausen who did the majority of the work. The film won an over-due Oscar for O'bie and gained an important screen credit for Harryhausen.

the lone arranger

After a few years Ray became impatient waiting for O'bie to get another project rolling. (O'bie wasn't the most aggressive artist, often preferring to lounge around Mexico and watch the bull fights rather than getting down to work.) So, on his own, Ray went out and landed his first solo assignment. The film was a Warner Bros. picture **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. It was a low-budget picture, even for its time, and is important because it was here that Ray's innovative techniques made it possible for him to do the picture for a small amount of money and made animation accessible to the low-budget producer. This is most important because it is perhaps Ray's most significant contribution to the animation field.

secret of kong

One of the major reasons that **KING KONG** is such a marvelous-looking film is due to the technique employed by O'Brien to create the visuals on Skull Island. He designed his setups with trees & other scenic effects painted on a series of large sheets of glass with miniature trees & animated models between them. This gives the artist complete control over the environment and while the result may not be realistic it is often more exciting because it is larger-than-life. Naturally this technique works best in a fantasy-oriented film like **KONG** or **THIEF OF BAGDAD** but seems out of place in a more realistic or contemporary story. And the techniques employed in **KONG** are quite time-consuming, therefore costly to the point of pricing a film out of the market.

Ray Harryhausen understood this and developed his techniques to not only fit the realism desired by the producers but also designed the shots so they could be completed in a relatively brief amount of time. Full miniature sets, for the most part, were out. Ray made extensive use of process or rear screen projection for the backgrounds behind his puppets and a split screen was used to produce a real foreground in front of the model, thus eliminating costly matte paintings and full tabletop sets which never carried



Six swords & sorcery call upon Sinbad—and Harryhausen—to test their mettle to the utmost in **THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD**.

proper depth of field anyway. Ray is also careful to calculate exactly how much footage will be needed so that he won't overshoot his animation, which avoids months of extra work & money.

in gear with schneer

The next & most important step in Harryhausen's career was his union with producer Charles H. Schneer. It wouldn't be too presumptuous to state that without Schneer, Ray Harryhausen may not have enjoyed such longevity in his career. This is not to suggest it was a perfect working relationship. It's quite possible that Ray had to make many compromises in his ideas but, nevertheless, working as a team has enabled Ray Harryhausen to work on more features than any other animator. One must remember that talent alone is not insurance for success. It is often no insurance. It's being at the right place at the right time and knowing the right people.

The first Harryhausen-Schneer project was **IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA**. It was almost a remake of **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, only instead of a dinosaur attacking New York it was an octopus assaulting San Francisco. Or, as Forry relates it, "At \$10,000 a tentacle they could only afford a quintopus."

the shrieks of san francisco

When a film company requests permission to

shoot in a city, it is customary for that city's council to read the script. Since demolition of the Golden Gate Bridge was part of the plot, the municipality protested, saying it would undermine confidence in the bridge, which had only been finished a comparatively short time. Ray hid in the back of a bread van to get some background plates, and since the city refused parking privileges the camera crew in the production trucks kept in constant motion, driving back & forth shooting footage. Eventually the picture was completed and was a mild success. It is interesting to note that the city was thanked for its cooperation in the credits of the film.

best part his

Ray's next picture was a semi-documentary for Warner Bros, titled **THE ANIMAL WORLD**. Aside from Ray's contribution to the film, which was the major selling point, it was a dull project and today is all but forgotten. This was Ray's first feature in color but it presented no additional technical problems because the technique employed was simple tabletop animation. The Producer-Director of the film was Irwin Allen, who in later years was responsible for the new **LOST WORLD, VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA** (both feature & television series), the TV series **TIME TUNNEL**, and the recent smash, **THE TOWERING INFERNO**. **THE ANIMAL WORLD** also reunited Harryhausen with Willis O'Brien. It's possible that Harryhausen was responsible for getting O'bie the job or perhaps the producer felt, as he did later with **THE LOST WORLD**, that O'Brien's experience with previous animation films made him an asset. Although screenings of **THE ANIMAL WORLD** today are quite rare, much of Ray's dinosaur footage can be seen (although tinted) in another unremarkable film called **TROG**.

from washington dome to rome

Ray's next film was once again for Charles Schneer and Columbia, **EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS**. And once again famous landmarks were the targets of destruction, this time in Washington D.C. The next year, 1967, introduced the now-famous Ymir, a creature from Venus that came 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH to trample thru the streets of Rome until it was shot off the top of the Coliseum in typical King Kong fashion. The film also introduced (although with not much ballyhoo) a process called *Electrolitic Dynamation*. The next year the *electrolitic* was dropped and it was just *Dynamation* that was touted as "the new screen miracle process" that made **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** possible. According to the publicity, *Dynamation* (possibly a modest combination of dynamic animation) was "the process that combines a live background with a 3-dimensional animated figure in combination with flesh & bone

actors." Of course it had all been done before but only once in color, **THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN**, which was also in Cinemascope. **THE BEAST** had its own *Dynamation*, only the publicity called it *Regiscope*.

sinbad makes mucho jack

EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS had been Ray's least favorite film but **SINBAD**, because of the new challenge of working in color, and because it was a pet project of his, was the most enjoyable. **SINBAD** was a film Ray had story-boarded years before and had taken the project to producer Edward Small. (One can only speculate as to why Ray hadn't taken it to Schneer.) But Small turned Ray down and lived to regret it when **SINBAD** grossed well over \$6,000,000. Four years later, Small attempted his own version of **SINBAD**, using the same actors for hero & villain, Kerwin Mathews & Torin Thatcher, stealing plot devices and even puppet designs for the monsters. Even the radio announcements for **JACK, THE GIANT KILLER** used sections from **SINBAD**'s Bernard Herrmann score. But the film, partially due to contract difficulties, was rather unsuccessful.

Another interesting aspect of **SINBAD** was the featured monster, the Cyclops, which in many ways was similar in design to the Ymir of 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH. Both creatures had a quick-step walk and held their arms stiffly at their sides with the elbows back, as if ready to pounce. Many of Harryhausen's admirers love this stylized pose but few of them realize that it was invented out of necessity rather than for dynamic or artistic reasons. If an animal walks with its arms up & stiff, then the arms don't have to swing from side to side as arms normally do, which saves animation time. And, as Ray is always quick to point out, time is money.

evolution

Thruout the years *Dynamation* became *Super-Dynamation*, *Dynamation 90* and finally, for **GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, *ynarama*. Something else changed. Ray became more adept at his work and more involved with the production of each new film. According to one interview, "... for my sequences I usually work out continuity sketches on paper first. Sometimes I direct the sequences myself as a second unit and other times I let the director know what I need and he directs it. It depends on which actors are available, the schedule and other things. But I do direct whole sequences that involve my material." For some time Harryhausen has been credited as an Associate Producer.

the next 6

The Schneer-Harryhausen team continued



The maestro pierces the horrid little harpy with an arrow, preparatory to animating this malevolent monster model for an important sequence in **THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD**.

producing fantasy-oriented films, with one try at science fiction. 3 **WORLDS OF GULLIVER**, based on Jonathan Swift's tale with Kerwin Mathews again in the lead, followed **SINBAD**. This was a project that writer-director Jack Sher had brought to Schneer when he became impatient with Universal.

Jules Verne's **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** was the next source, then came Ray's personal favorite, **JASON & THE ARGONAUTS**, their most expensive production.

In 1964 they tapped HG Wells' **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, possibly Ray's best but least successful film.

Then, in his first departure from Schneer since **THE ANIMAL WORLD**, Ray went to work for Hammer Films in 1966 to make **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.** One of Willis O'Brien's projects, **GWANGI**, was developed in 1968 and became **THE VALLEY OF GWANGI**.

Both Harryhausen & Schneer were puzzled by the poor reception these films received. Whatever the reason—poor publicity, bad timing or just plain old lack of interest in the subject matter—their films barely made their money back. In the case of **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, the negative cost wasn't even paid for. The only exception was **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.** but that film was sold not by Ray's animation effects but by the presence of a then-wildly-publicized up-&-coming sex symbol, Raquel Welch, in the starring role.

golden boxoffice

Harryhausen & Schneer were given one last

chance. And they decided to play it safe by returning to their most successful film, **SINBAD**. So everything was riding on **THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD** when a young man in charge of publicity at Columbia, Gary Shapiro, saw the new picture and thought it had potential as "camp." He got Columbia behind the film. It was given more advertising time than usual and the film was carefully hooked for ideal playdates (at holidays, etc.) and pulled Harryhausen & Schneer out of the fire. Now, not only does Columbia have the team working on another Sinbad picture, tentatively titled **SINBAD AT WORLD'S END**, but they are planning to re-release the original **7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD**.

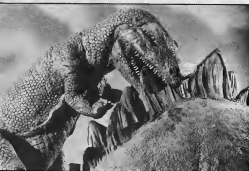
the shape of things to come

But what exactly does all of this mean? It may be a good time to reflect. From the look of things it would seem that Harryhausen & Schneer will spend the rest of their careers making nothing but Sinbad films, or something just like them, and the word that sums up a state or condition of sameness is stagnation. This may be an indication that the team has reached its limitation.

With the exception of **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**, which is far & away from being a great movie, the Harryhausen-Schneer productions seem to have difficulty deciding what audience they're aiming for. At first glance, because the films deal in fantasy elements, one might assume they're geared for children. But adults enjoy fantasy films as well. And maybe that's the reason for including a scantily-clad & attractive girl like Carolyn Munro in **GOLDEN VOYAGE**.



The "rhedosaurus" from the resourceful mind of "Ray Da Saurus" Harryhausen. It fell in love with the fagghorn of a lighthouse dreamed up by Ray Brod-bury in **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, Warner Bros., 1953.



Spine-fingling sequence (well, at least the spiny stegosaurus thought so) in **THE ANIMAL WORLD** as a Tyrannosaurus Rex wrecks his teeth trying to bite off more than he could chew. Warners, 1956, color.



Ray & Diono (Mrs.) Harryhausen personally picked out this lobster and ate it, salvaging its shell for this animation sequence in **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, 1960, Columbia, color.

But if the films are also aimed at adults then it's time, and long over-due, that Harryhausen & Schneer employ a screen writer (like Nigel Kneale) to write stories about people instead of plots that are nothing more than excuses for Ray's special effects. Effects should supplement the interest in a story, not *become* it. And who do you know that's happy or content when Ray's effects scenes are over?

Of course, according to Charles H. Schneer, if Ray doesn't make these films, nobody else will. A quote from Mr. Schneer will tell us why. "There is no comparison to his technique, none at all. Anyone who is in the special effects business will tell you that he is the leader of the field. No one else touches him in this area." And to make certain that no one has the opportunity to *touch him*, Columbia Pictures is informing anyone who walks thru their doors with an animation project that no one but Schneer can make such films. Are Schneer & Harryhausen so afraid of competition?

animated opinions

A quick look at the work in a film like **WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH** would seem to strongly indicate that not only has Ray been *touched* but possibly *surpassed*. But whichever it is, it would seem logical that there's room for more than one animator in town.

It's quite possible that Harryhausen is fearful of any competition because he feels he put O'bie out of work. The facts would show otherwise. O'Brien was past the stage where he was even capable of animating. Pete Peterson did all of the work in **THE BLACK SCORPION** & **THE GIANT BEHEMOTH**. And O'bie wasn't prepared to give up his old methods. If Ray hadn't stepped in, O'bie would have been all but finished anyway. His time had passed.

But whatever Ray's motives, and unlike what O'Brien did for him, he has confided in no one nor has he taken anyone under his wing. He continues to be very secretive about his work to the point that it seems difficult to get him to answer if it's night or day for fear he might reveal something.

There is no question as to what Ray has done for the fantasy field, especially for animation. But I would like to repeat, there is room for more than one animator in town.

editorial afterword

Forry here. What started out to be a paean of praise for Ray unexpectedly ends on a note of criticism. It is not the type of downbeat ending that I would have preferred, nor expected when I requested one of Ray's earliest admirers to write a Birthday feature about him; but I would not want to be accused of prejudicial censorship by editing out the critical conclusion.

From my observation point in the field, I am

not too sure there is room for more than one animator in town. Jim Danforth, in my estimation the logical successor to Ray if Ray someday decides to retire, has demonstrated his genius on various occasions, most notably with his wonderful work in **WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH** and the breathtaking cricket creature fight in **FLESH GORDON**. David Allen did an inspired re-creation of **KONG** in color atop the Empire State for the classic TV commercial of several seasons ago. And there are numerous other highly talented model-makers & armature animators around town, thruout the USA and clear down under to Australia where the man named Moon dreams of coming to Hollywood and starting a career in stop-motion.

To me it seems to boil down to a matter of economics: one great animator can make a good life for himself, wife & child... or half a dozen can compete and everybody starves. If the public were crying for animated monsters like it's currently lapping up catastrophe pictures; if half a dozen stop-motion dinosaur & imaginary creature features a year were guaranteed big box-offices;—great! then Harryhausen, Danforth, Allen, Hedge, Berg et al could have a hall and all make a decent living.

But enough editorializing and back to that **HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO RAY HARRYHAUSEN**. And Ray, may you live to animate *King Kong* lighting 100 candles on your cake in 2020!



"High, dere! I'm de Hydro. Heerd-o me?" Jason:
"Yeah, I heerd of you. I've come to deHydrate you!"
"Well, water you waiting for?" From Columbia's **JASON & THE ASTRONAUTS**. (Astronauts—?! Just wanted to see if you were owoke & poying attention.)



JUNE 29: the 55th birthday of the man who's given us Sinbad, Jason, the Ymir, Mighty Jae Young, Kali, the Rhadosaurus, Gwongi, the First Men in the Moon, the Cyclops, the rcs, dragons, pterodactyls, dinosaurs galore—and more! The Magnificent Animator—55 years young! One fan—Scott McRoe of Conado—sums it up well for his legion of admirers & wellwishers: "While drawing these creations I sat & thought about this particular human being. I concluded that this man may not be one of the most well-known personalities on Earth but I did realize that he has many dear friends & loyal fans who love him as well as his work." Holl, Harryhausen!

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH

all Italy trembles
before the alien
terror of the
mighty Ymir
in this 1957
space-monster
thriller.

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CHAPT. 1
CHAOS OVER GERRA

THE sea loved the fishing village of Gerra. In all Sicily, no boasts were made of bigger tuna than those which wriggled in the nets of the Gerra fishermen.

"It is because we live so close to the sea," Verrico, the strongest man in the village would laugh. "The fish, they come into the house and ask for wine."

It was a day no sunnier than other days. Verrico pulled on the great net, urging his partner Mondello to greater efforts. Mondello grunted and wheezed and struggled with the heavy-lead net. There was a third helper in the boat, too.

"Pepe!"

Mondello scowled at the boy. "Is it your desire that the fish, they swim away? Pull upon the net, little one!"

"Silencio!"

The command came from Verrico, whose ears had been listening with amusement, and whose ears now seemed to have caught some strange signal from the depth of the sea itself.

It was a sound. It was a distant roar, and each moment grew less distant. A roar not of the sea, and un-



Speceman Sharman (bedded) is dying of some hideous disease contracted on the planet Venus. Nurse (Joan Taylor) tries to stop his fellow spaceman (Wm. Hopper) from communicating with him.

known to the peaceful sky of Gerra. A roar that caught the ears and attention of all the fishermen.

"Look!" Pepe shouted.

The puffy white clouds were hursting overhead and spitting forth a silvery object so awesome that a gasp rose in unison from the men in the boats. There were flames spewing out of its tail and its nose pointed sharply like a silver finger at the waves. Down, down it came, in a sleep screaming dive, eager to meet the sea.

Then, painfully, the nose seemed to lift slightly, as if trying to avoid a head-on collision with the hard water. But whatever force guided its movement couldn't sustain the momentary lift, and the object skipped across the smooth surface of the sea like a pebble across a pond, ricocheted, struggled for altitude once more, and then careered into the depths.

In Verrico's boat, the two men and the boy watched in trembling silence. Each was muttering brief, hurried prayers, warding off whatever devil had come tumbling from the sky.

Now a vast cloud of steam was rising from the fallen object, obscuring its view from the fishermen. For a moment, their fascinated eyes were so tightly held that they failed to see the new danger to their lives. Small tidal waves were rolling out from beneath the hissing cloud, stretching out towards the tiny fishing boats.

"Look out!" Verrico shouted, and his cry was echoed from boat to boat of the fleet. The crews scrambled for the oars.

Verrico leaped for the tiller as a wall of churning water headed straight at their backs. Not far behind him, another fisherman slammed his tiller hard over, turning the boat into the sea. But his action came too late; the angry wave broke and lifted the cargo easily into the air, spilling its passenger into the tumultuous sea. The same action lifted Verrico's craft high, then lowered it unharmed.

Then the waters were still. And again, the fishermen turned to look at the awesome silvery thing that had fallen from the skies.

Slowly, the hissing steam was subsiding, and they saw the tail of the object projecting steeply from the water.

"It's some kind of ship," Verrico muttered. "It is an aircraft."

"Look," Mondello pointed. "A hole in the side. She cannot stay afloat long."

"Yes, I think we should—"

Mondello didn't wait to hear his next words. He was as strong and as brave as Verrico, but he feared that his partner had wild and foolish thoughts in his head. He bent busily over the oars, began stroking the boat to shore, away from the scene of the disaster. The other craft in the fishing fleet were doing the same. There was no dishonor in the action; it was only common sense.

But Verrico, still looking at the aircraft, appeared to be dissatisfied.

"We stop!" he said.

The man and the boy lifted their oars.

"We go back," Verrico told them. "It is a possibility that in the aircraft there may be people."



All eyes skyward as the menace of the monster from the sunward planet grows hourly more dangerous for Earth.

"But, Verrico!" Mondello was through play-acting; he allowed his horror to show plainly on his face. "That is no usual aircraft. That is nothing like we have known before. There are no people in it!"

Verrico's reply was sarcastic. "Ah, but Mondello, you know this thing you say? You have been perhaps inside it?" He expanded his chest. "What are we—men of the sea, or children?"

Mondello didn't answer.

"We go back," Verrico said.

They turned to the oars once more. Mondello tried to keep his frightened eyes off the odd vessel in the sea ahead.

"Closer," Pepe encouraged. "Closer, Mondello."

They were almost upon the thing now, close to the gaping hole in its side, the longboat bumping gently against the floating debris from the wreck. Even Verrico, whose brave features hadn't altered during the slow journey to the stricken airship, seemed no longer certain of what they were doing. When he finally spoke, his voice was hoarse.

"Pepe—the boat hook."

His eyes wide, the boy swallowed hard and lifted the hook. Cautiously, he reached out and hooked it over the edge of the ragged hole torn into the metal of the aircraft, anchoring the boat to the crippled vessel. Verrico stepped to the gunwhale, and quickly grasped the topside of the opening with his strong hands.

"You, Mondello," he whispered. "Come with me. It may be I will need your help."

Mondello looked miserable. Then he took a deep breath and followed Verrico into the darkness of the aircraft.

The floor inside was slanted by the angle of the ship. It rolled beneath their feet and they were tipped against the metal bulkheads of the object. It was black as night in the interior of the vessel but the reflected sunlight from the sea showed them to be in some narrow chamber, whose sides were cluttered with wires, coils and tubing; things electronic and mysterious and frightening. Every corner of the chamber seemed to be used for the storage

of scientific equipment or sleeping bunks. Clamped to the far wall, they could see metal cylinders of varied sizes.

One of the clamps was empty.

Verrico moved forward slowly, and Mondello's progress behind him was even slower.

"Then—"

"Verrico!"

"What is it?"

Mondello pointed.

There was a hand, dangling limply from behind a tangle of shattered equipment. Verrico hastened towards it and what he saw of the man's face and body caused him to stop and curse aloud. Then, as if the curse was blasphemous even in this unholy atmosphere, the two men crossed themselves.

The aircraft shuddered.

"Verrico!"

"Steady," the younger man said hoarsely. The shuddering ceased. He stepped carefully away from the body of the man and made his way toward a circular hatch with a wheel in its

center. He reached over and turned it. There was the sound of air sucking its way into the chamber, and then a click. The hatch opened.

There were tanks in this chamber, containing strange-smelling fuel. A dangling chain on the roof swung some metal debris back and forth. The two fishermen avoided its menace and made their way forward.

The next chamber was the last, and its scientific paraphernalia was even more overwhelming and bewildering than the first. Dials, controls, gauges, instruments, wires, tubing—Verrico's head reeled at the sight of it.

But his head cleared when he saw the man in the control chair, hunched over, his arm severely gashed and still flowing with fresh blood.

Verrico bent over him. At first, the man's face startled him, until he realized that the ugly contours weren't his but the fact of an oxygen mask. He took off the mask and put his ears to the man's lips.

"This man—he still lives!"

Together, they dragged the unconscious pilot of the strange aircraft back towards the open hatch. Then Verrico saw still another occupant, strapped to one of the bunks, his mask billowing noisily in erratic tempo.

"Take him out—quickly!" Verrico hurried over to the man on the bunk as the ship's frame shuddered a second time. He drew away the oxygen mask. The thin face revealed beneath it had a wasted, shriveled look that made Verrico mutter.

With Verrico's help, Mondello managed to get the injured pilot into the longboat. But just as Verrico was about to leave the yawning hole in the aircraft, a third shudder took hold of the ship. This time, it threw the fisherman and his human burden against the bulkheads. Water began to slosh inside the chamber, and Pepe was shouting:

"Jump, Verrico! The aircraft sinks! Jump!"

But Verrico was determined. He tugged at the unconscious body until he was able to pass it out of the hole.

"Jump!" Pepe screamed, as the crippled ship trembled once more. Verrico leaped, but his foot missed the drifting longboat and he plunged into the water. He swam swiftly after it, and the aircraft began vibrating mightily, its girders creaking and protesting.

They hauled him aboard, just as the silver ship emitted a final, grinding groan, and slowly disappeared beneath the surface of the sea.

When they rowed beyond the suction of the churning waters, they put up their oars and looked.

All was silent and serene again on the wide blue waters of Sicily.

CHAPT. 2 THE BEST-LAID PLANS

MAJOR GENERAL A. D. McIntosh had begun his military career at a time when the flying machines

were amusing toys, fit only for the war games of men who dreamed a foolish dream of conquest in the air.

And now...

He stood at the window of the Pentagon Building, a bull-necked, heavy-set man, his hands locked behind his back. There was emotion in the General's face, but he was reluctant to let the others see it exposed.

Dr. Judson Uhl respected the General's feeling, and waited quietly until the mood passed.

Strangely enough, General A. D. McIntosh had been one of the last of the key men informed of the project that was known cryptically as Project XY.

It had begun as a civilian dream, born in the great white shells of astronomical observatories, nurtured in the antiseptic laboratories of industry and government, blue-printed by civilian scientists and engineers. A vast dream indeed.

He had dreamed of the project on the day when an official visitor from Washington arrived at the General's headquarters, a visitor carrying sealed letters signed by the President himself.

General McIntosh frowned when he saw the man. He was the antithesis of everything military: slumshy, weak-eyed, balding man with nervous hands and an apologetic manner. His name had been Judson Uhl, and he had the title of Doctor.

"To tell you the truth," Dr. Uhl had grinned shyly, "I hardly know why I have been chosen as emissary in this matter. I'm a lot more comfortable in a laboratory, General McIntosh."

"Well, get to the point. What's your business?"

"Rockets."

"I see. Well, I know a little about rockets myself, Doctor."

"Not this kind perhaps, General. I'm speaking of a man-carrying rocket. One equipped to hold a crew of fifteen to twenty men, able to be launched into outer space for a trip of several months duration."

McIntosh stared at him.

"I've heard that pipe dream before, Doctor. Maybe fifty years from now, a hundred, all right. But now—"

"Yes, General," Dr. Uhl said cheerfully. "Now."

"Am I supposed to take you seriously?"

"I think so. Because the fact of the matter is this, General. Whatever talk you've heard of man-carrying rocket ships, and proposed space investigations—well, they didn't tell you the whole story. The truth is that such a vessel can be completed now, within a year."

"And that is the proposed plan?"

"That is the accepted plan, General."

McIntosh's pulse was racing. But he composed his features and said:

"A moon trip, Doctor? Or another space satellite?"

"Neither. Certain recent events have caused us to abandon our 'one-step-at-a-time' policy, General. Not only do we have the means to make an

interplanetary journey—we now have the reason."

"What reason?"

"You may have heard of the recent findings released by the Palomar Observatory. The complete details are still classified, but I can say this much. The planet Venus has revealed to our spectroscopic equipment the presence of a group of valuable minerals—essential minerals to the full development of atomic power."

The General grunted. "And these means you talk about. You really think we know enough to launch a ship to Venus?"

"We know enough," Dr. Uhl said blandly. "It's been my pleasure, for the last eighteen months, to head up a scientific commission called Project XY. That commission now has the completed blueprint for the first space-ship, General."

"And where does the Global Air Force fit into this scheme of yours?"

"Just where you'd think, General. The USAF will take full charge of the actual expedition: arrange the flight, man the ship, launch it, and so forth. It was the President's personal recommendation that you be the man to head up the endeavor."

The General stood up. "I wonder if you know what this means to me," he said.

"I hope it means you're happy and excited," Dr. Uhl said. "But we don't have time to talk about how happy we are, General. We've got work to do."

In the Pentagon office, General McIntosh turned around and strode to the huge relief map that covered one wall of the sparsely-furnished office. He glowered at it and jammed his thumb into the middle of the Mediterranean.

"From all indications, she's splashed in somewhere right here," And he added bitterly: "Twenty thousand leagues under the sea."

Dr. Uhl stared glumly at the map. "What makes me cry inside is that it was so close. They made it there. They almost made it back. And—"

The telephone rang.

McIntosh snatched the receiver. "McIntosh... Yes?... Where? Is that confirmed?... Thank you!"

"What is it?" Dr. Uhl said.

"She's down off Sicily, Doctor! Only a few kilometers off the coast of a fishing village named Gerra!"

He turned to his aide. "All right, Major. We'll need the cooperation of the Italian Government, so get the State Department on the phone. Tell them we've got a green light from the White House."

Dr. Uhl grinned. "You better tell 'em we're in a hurry. Tell them to roll up their red tape and put it in a drawer and lock it up until this thing is over."

"One more thing," the General continued. "Tell them Dr. Uhl and I want to leave and we want to leave now. For Sicily!"

CHAPT. 3 THE MONSTER EMERGES

The fishermen of Gerra gathered on the shore, buzzing and exclaiming, as Verrico and the others removed the two rescued men from the beached longboat to stretchers.

Pepe was staring at the shoreline. At first he saw what appeared to be a dark bit of cloth, a floating garment of some kind. There was something else bobbing beside it, a metallic object. But the bit of cloth was in Pepe's eyes and he began to wade swiftly into the water.

He picked up the cloth thing. It was a leather jacket. When he saw the initials USAF stenciled on the back, his face mirrored pure delight. He looked

Verrico said: "The man with the house on wheels? Pepe would know."

He cupped his hands to his mouth and called to the boy.

The boy was startled by the call. He was just at the point of success with the cylinder's stubborn cap when Verrico's shout interrupted.

"Pepe!"

He looked wildly about for a place to hide his prize. He was forced to settle for a clump of sand and went running to answer the call.

"Sl, Verrico? You need me?"

"That old doctor from Rome who travels here. Do you know where he is?"

"Dr. Leonardo? He is camped on the Via Messina."

The Commissario turned to Mon-

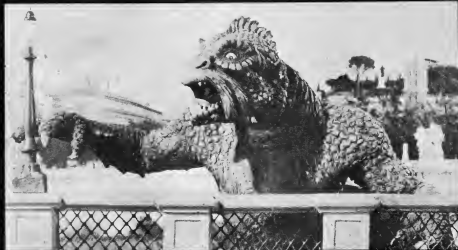
and reached out to touch the thing with his finger. Squamishly, he yanked it back just at the point of contact. The thing didn't react to the touch, so he tried it again.

Satisfied that the blob was inanimate, Pepe picked it up and brought it to the water. He dipped the thing in the surf to wash it of clinging sand, and looked at his prize once more.

It was smooth and semi-transparent. There was something inside, something vague and shadowy, but nothing that Pepe's young eyes could identify. He frowned at it in deep thought, and then was struck with an idea.

"Dr. Leonardo!" he said aloud.

His face radiant, he picked up the flying jacket and wrapped it cozily around the gelatinous mass. He ran



around for other exciting discoveries in the debris of the fallen aircraft.

On the beach he saw the flash of sunlight on metal and moved towards the object eagerly.

It was a cylinder, and the magic letters of the USAF were stamped on it, too. He picked it up, the surprising weight almost toppled him over. One end of the thing had clamps that secured the cap tightly; it resisted Pepe's young fingers.

On the shore, a new problem was coming to the attention of the Commissario. Mondello returned from his errand with bad news.

"Commissario! The doctor, he is not home."

Soberly, the police chief said: "That is bad. Those men are in great need of—" He stopped. "Onemoment! There is that old doctor from Roma, traveling with his American granddaughter. Is he still here?"

dello. "You are aware of this place?"

"But of course."

"Good. Beg the doctor to make haste."

Mondello nodded, and ran off once more.

In Pepe's eyes, there was relief. Now he could return to his find, to his metal cylinder. Who knows what wonders it held?

He picked up the object, its clamp now removed, and tilted it towards the sand.

The gelatinous blob moved slowly out of its prison, oozing its way forward with every shake of Pepe's arm, until it finally dropped softly onto the sand.

Pepe stared at it, both fascinated and repelled.

It was about fifteen inches long, bulky, and sand was clinging to its slick, wet-looking surface.

The boy tossed the cylinder aside

off, his head whirling with exciting plans and prospects for the future.

Marisa Leonardo had long ago dispaired of setting up normal housekeeping in her grandfather's trailer.

"If you must live like a gypsy," she had told him, "then you can at least travel in comfort."

"All right, little mother. But you must not clutter up my little rolling laboratory."

Now, three years later, Marisa stood in the trailer and sighed. Her grandfather's zoological equipment dominated and overran even the living quarters of the mobile house. The truck that pulled the trailer wasn't enough to hold the accumulation of gear that Dr. Leonardo traveled with. His field utensils, his test tubes, his microscope, his mounted sea specimens were everywhere.

Marisa surveyed the clutter hopelessly, but there was no strong dis-

approval in her glance.

She set about to straighten the rumpled sheets.

In the next room, Dr. Leonardo heard the knock first. He went to the door and opened it.

"Dr. Leonardo? I am Mondello, the fisherman. Come now, quickly! A great aircraft fell into the sea—a terrible tragedy—and the two men, they need you now!"

The Doctor stared blankly at him, and Marisa came in.

"What is it, grandfather?"

"I do not know yet. Slowly, my friend. Do I understand that there has been an air crash in your village, and men have been hurt?"

"Si, si!"

The Doctor shook his white head. "I fear I would be of no help. I am a doctor of zoology, not medicine. But my granddaughter, it is possible—" He turned to her. "Marisa!"

She looked surprised, and Mondello turned his face eagerly towards her. "Signorina! You are the doctors of people with hurts?"

"Not yet," she said. "Not for another year."

The sick look of disappointment was plain on Mondello's face. Marisa hesitated, and then said:

"All right. I'll do the best I can."

Pepe came within sight of the truck and trailer with its array of bird and animal cages hanging outside. He barely noticed the pretty young signorina hurrying out, carrying a small black bag, accompanying Mondello down the road. He had too much on his mind, and it all had to do with the strange slimy thing wrapped in the flying jacket.

"Good afternoon!"

He looked up to see Dr. Leonardo. "Well, my young merchant friend. And what is it you wish to sell me today?"

"Ah, Dr. Leonardo, I have a treasure!"

The Doctor hid the amusement on his face.

"With which, no doubt, you are willing to part for very, very little money?" He gestured towards the trailer door.

Within the room, the Doctor beckoned the boy to one of the camp chairs.

"Dr. Leonardo, you are a kind man, a man of much learning. And a man of great wealth."

"A man of wealth! A professor of—" He smiled ruefully, remembering the kind of world a boy lives in. "Of course, Pepe. All things are relative. Continue."

"You have two hundred lira?"

Dr. Leonardo took out his purse and peeled off two hundred lira.

"And now what is it I have purchased—this treasure of great splendor?"

Pepe was hardly interested in that side of the transaction any longer. Carelessly, he unrolled the jacket, and put the gelatinous mass on the Doctor's work bench.

Dr. Leonardo looked at it with only mild curiosity; the sea produces many odd things.

Then he examined it closer, with increasing interest. He prodded it, turned it over. He became so absorbed in the thing that he didn't notice Pepe's hasty departure through the trailer doors.

"Strange," he said to himself. "There seems to be something inside. Something with form. But what class does it belong to? Pepe, tell me where you—"

He looked up and saw the empty room.

Hurriedly, he went to the door, shouting for the boy.

"Pease! tell me! Where did you find this thing?"

"In the water, Doctor! In the sea!"

Dr. Leonardo watched him run, and he shook his white-haired head with a wry smile on his lips.

Behind him, on the work bench, the hloh from the USAF cylinder quivered once, and again.

Then it was silent.

The Commune di Germa was a building of many moods and purposes—a home for the Mayor of Germa, the office of the Commissario di Police, and a hospital for the sick.

On the hospital floor, in one large barren room, there were three cots. One was empty. The other two held the unconscious bodies of the men taken from the stricken aircraft.

The younger of the pair, his wounds swathed in professional bandages around his head and arm, lay breathing normally.

The other man was less fortunate. An oxygen tank had been placed near his head, and a small face mask covered his mouth.

Marisa Leonardo picked up his limp wrist and tried his pulse again. She listened to the sound of his heavy, erratic breathing, and put the wrist back on the bed. It dropped like a weight.

Then she looked into the man's contorted face, and her expression was puzzled. Not even her worst dreams had featured such a mangled, tortured face as this. What had happened to the man? What nightmare was upon him?

A grunting sound came from the other cot. She got up and went to the younger man. His eyes were shut, but his head was beginning to move on the pillow. She tried his pulse, and at her touch, his eyes struggled open.

He strained to a sitting position. "The others? How are they?"

"I'm told that your aircraft is at the bottom of the sea. Whoever else was on it . . ." She watched him fall back wearily. "Except, of course, this gentleman here. And his condition is critical—very critical."

The man looked at the other cot. When he saw its occupant, he forced his feet over the side of the cot.

"I'm sorry," Marisa said, restraining him. "You're in no condition to—"

"Let me alone!" He pushed her away

rudely, clutching the side of the cot for support. He got up weakly and tottered towards the other bed.

There was determination on the young man's lean, intense face. He bent over the unconscious man and put his mouth to his unheeding ear.

"Doctor!" he shouted. "Dr. Sharman!"

Vainly, Marisa tried to pull him away, but he was strong and stubborn. "I must ask you to leave this man alone. He's extremely ill—"

"Please! Dr. Sharman, can you hear me?"

"If you don't stop, I'll call for help—"

The man whirled on her, his face infuriated. There was a depth of anger in his eyes that she wasn't used to seeing, a grim preoccupation that transcended everything else.

"Listen, nurse, leave me alone! I'm in no mood to—"

"I'm not a nurse!" she said loudly.

"I'm a doctor—or almost a doctor—and this man may be dying!"

The young man took a deep breath, as if fighting for patience. "All right, almost-a-doctor. Do you know what's wrong with him?"

"No—not exactly."

"Well, I do! I know what's wrong with him, and I know it's fatal. Right of my crew have already died of the same thing. Now if you must stay here, stand still and be quiet. Understand?"

Marisa's eyes widened, and she gasped. Just slightly, her arm raised as if it involuntarily desired to strike the insulting young stranger across the face. She glared back at him, but he was bending over the dying man, calling: "Sharman! Dr. Sharman! Can you hear me?"

Then the man moved.

His movement was slight, but his young friend became excited, and shouted louder. "Doctor!"

The words that came from the distorted lips were hardly audible. "Are we . . . are we going to make . . . make it back?"

"We are back! We're on Earth!"

"The specimen! Is it all right?"

"I—I don't know. We crashed into the Mediterranean. I suppose everything went down with the wreck." He paused. "The others are dead."

The man he called Sharman shut his eyes tightly. He tried to speak once more, but there wasn't enough breath in his lungs. His hand inched upwards, making its way into his coat. It emerged with a notepad.

"Make them . . . make them find it . . . my notes . . ."

He began to gasp for breath. Marisa, watching with hypnotized eyes, came closer.

"How long can it live?" the young man was saying. "How long can it live in the cylinder, Dr. Sharman? I've got to know. It's our only hope."

There was no answer. Swiftly, the man grabbed for the oxygen face mask and slapped it over his friend's mouth. The breath came easier, but still faintly.



The violent ymir is about to be captured!

"What were you talking about?" asked Marisa. "What specimen? What fatal disease? I don't understand any of this."

"You don't. And you won't."

She made an exasperated noise. She lifted the needle. "This'll give you pleasant dreams. If you're capable of them."

She was drawing it away when the sudden silence in the room caught their attention. For a moment, she looked baffled, and then realized that the sound of Sharman's erratic breathing had ended.

"He—he's dead."

"I know."

She was shocked by the answer. Her voice was hard when she spoke to him again.

"Do you mind explaining all or some of this?"

"I'm sorry . . ." His voice was thick with the effects of the drug. "But I can't. . ."

"Can't? Or won't?"

He yawned widely. "Both . . ."

His head rolled over on the pillow.

The moon seemed brighter than Marisa Leonardo had ever known it.

She followed its path down the road that led back to her grandfather's trailer.

But the moon wasn't shining for her alone. Its beams slanted through the window of the mobile home and picked out the shiny form of the gelatinous blob on the Doctor's work bench.

The strange shape inside the mass had more definition now. It began to move, to shift, to struggle.

Slowly, a crack formed in the slick surface. It grew longer, wider.

Then, something burst through the shell. A tiny fist, with three talon-like fingers!

Strangely, Marisa wasn't tired. Her mind was active, thinking rapidly, puzzling over the strange words she had heard spoken inside the Commune di Gerra. What had caused so many deaths among the crew? And what unknown plague had tormented the dead man's features?

With a sigh, she put down her surgical bag and began to shrug off her jacket.

The peculiar sibilant noise startled her.

She whirled, and the sight of the thing on the work bench drained the blood from her face. She stifled a scream in her throat, and stared.

It was some fifteen inches high, and the moonlight delineated its grotesque shape. Its incredibly long, lizard-like tail swished behind it; its head was nightmarish, like that of a medieval dragon's. It waved its three-taloned hands helplessly in the air, and hissed at her as if in fright.

Marisa stood rooted to the spot, watching the creature's frightened eyes. It began to back away, as if fearful of an attack. Her hand went out automatically and flicked the light switch.

The creature jumped at the sudden burst of light in the room.

"Grandfather," Marisa whispered. "Grandfather!"

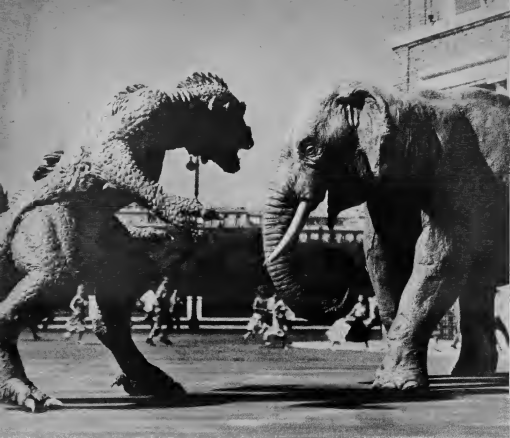
There was no sound behind the curtain.

"Grandfather!"

This time, Dr. Leonardo responded to the urgency in her voice. He came out from behind the curtain, clutching his dressing gown.

"What is it, Marisa?"

He looked in the direction of her



Outer space creature faces earth elephant in the strongest battle of the 20th century.

round-eyed gaze, and saw the creature on the bench. It hissed towards him, and backed up even further. For a long time he did nothing but stare, and then his zoological training and instinct replaced any panic in his actions.

"My gloves," he said. "Where are my gloves?"

"Under the bench—"

The thing hissed again, a sound of warning, as the Doctor groped for his protective gloves. He picked them up hastily, slipped them on, and then placed his fingers carefully on the edge of the bench, only inches from the creature. Slowly, his hands raised towards it, and perspiration gleamed on the Doctor's forehead.

"Be careful," Marisa said.

The creature bunched its shoulders, its razor-sharp claws uplifted. But it

didn't resist the old man's touch as the Doctor's fingers closed around its scaly body.

He lifted it up, and Marisa recoiled.

"What is it? Where did it come from?"

"Pepe," the Doctor said. "The little fisher-boy." He put it down again. "I have never seen anything like this. There is no scientific record of such a creature."

Now he was all man of science, his voice calm and professorial. He picked up a pencil from the bench and pointed to the creature's anatomy. He spoke to his granddaughter as if to a zoological college class.

"See? The torso resembles that of a human being. The head—I cannot classify the head. The tail is reptilian, and observe the legs." He straightened up. "But where it came from—"

He stopped when he saw the rem-

nants of the gelatinous mass still on the workbench. He prodded it with his finger, and realized at last its true significance.

It was an egg.

"Pepe said it came from the sea. But still I do not know—" He reacted for the creature again. "Marisa, open the empty cage in the truck. Make haste!"

The girl went to the door of the trailer, and her grandfather followed with the creature in his grip.

They made their way to the truck parked beside the mobile home, and Marisa threw back the tarpaulin that covered its end. There were cages of varying sizes inside and in all but one, small animals and birds scurried frantically.

The empty cage stood about five feet tall. She swung open the wire door.

Dr. Leonardo placed him gently in-

folded his arms, his face grave.

"What I have to say to you will sound incredible. But I assure you that it is true."

He paused and looked at the Colonel. "Colonel Calder here has just returned from an expedition to Venus."

The old man cocked his head, as if uncertain of his own bearing.

"Eb? To, er, Venice? You mean perhaps Venezia?"

"To Venus, Signore," McIntosh said grimly. "The planet Venus."

himself.

"Man's first interplanetary voyage," McIntosh said, his own words awing him. "On the return trip, the spaceship was crippled by a meteor. Except for Colonel Calder, the entire crew perished."

"I am grieved," Contino said quickly.

"Now we are faced with a problem," the General continued. "A problem of enormous consequence. In order for you to help us, Signore, I must explain

made, it operated satisfactorily for some time. But it wasn't fool-proof. There were elements in the air, dust-clouds of some extraordinary nature, that suddenly poisoned our men. Several members of our expedition died there before the others realized the danger. Dr. Sharman, the chief scientist aboard, also became fatally ill. He died here after the ship's crash."

Contino's face was a study in wonder.

"Fascinating!" he said. "Horrible—



Contino looked around him, his eyes wary, and then he looked plainly suspicious.

"To the planet Venus?" he repeated. "That is correct."

The State Department official flapped his arms in the air, and they landed with a thud against his side.

"I had been informed that his matter was connected with something vast. But—the planet Venus!" He turned his eyes on Calder, looking him over as if the Colonel were an alien creature

carefully."

The old man sought a chair, and lowered himself without once removing his eyes from the General's face.

"The problem is this. The atmosphere on Venus is such that a human being cannot breathe it and survive. There is carbon dioxide in the air, but no oxygen. We believed that we could develop equipment that would sustain human life, for a limited time, on this planet. We created such equipment, and after the first successful landing was

but fascinating!"

"But this is the important part, Signore Contino. On that ship was a particular sealed metal container—" The General measured the air with his hands. "It was approximately this long, and this diameter. In it, Colonel Calder informs me, is an unborn specimen of life on this planet."

Don't fail to read the smashing conclusion in the next thrilling issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

SOUNDS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS

How many of these haunting phrases can you identify?
Exercise your memory muscles!

BY G. JOHN EDWARDS

1. "Tonight, Lavond, out of this mist, you will see the birth of a new mankind, in full control of its destiny!"
2. "And if you stand on the bridge at the wrong hour—the hour at which he rides—and he comes by and wraps his cloak around you, you must ride with him—and ride and ride!"
3. "My son, what are you about to do? Would you destroy that which I—your father—dedicated his life to creating?"
4. "Find a lizard on the grave, t'ain't no charm your life would save! They jus' found Antoine in a big pit—with a knife in his back!"
5. "That's all there is to life; just a little laugh, a little tear."
6. "Death is my talisman, Dr. Chapman. An

- indestructible force—one certain thing in an uncertain universe."
7. "No human heart could possible function like that! He's completely superhuman!"
8. "It's not only your lives; your souls are at stake!"
9. "The darkness beckons. A world where one can be dead and yet live."
10. "He's not Prince Sirki! He's the one whom all men dread! He's Death—his majesty, Death!"
11. "In trying to perform a miracle of medical science, I have failed. My blood has been contaminated by the blood of Count Dracula!"
12. "What is the Law? Not to spill blood. You spill blood. Law no more!"
13. "I believe that electricity is life!"

ANSWERS

8. Lionel Barrymore to Elizabeth Allan in THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.
9. "Wife" to "Karl Huisman" in THE HOUSE OF FRANK-ENSTEIN.
10. Sir Guy Standing to crowd in DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.
11. Oswald Stevens to Lon Chaney Jr. in THE HOUSE OF DRACULA.
12. Bela Lugosi to "Marmals" in THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS.
13. Lionel Atwill to Samuel S. Hinds in THE MAN-MADE MONSTER.

1. Henry B. Walthall to Lionel Barrymore in THE DEVIL CAT PEOPLE.
2. "Juba Farn" to "Amy Road" in THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE.
3. Colin Clive to Sir Cedric Hardwicke in THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN.
4. "Gooble" to "Calun Joe" in THE MUMMY'S CURSE.
5. Lon Chaney Sr. to Lila Lee in THE UNHOLY THREE.
6. Bela Lugosi to "Dr. Chapman" in THE RAVEN.
7. Basil Rathbone to Bela Lugosi in THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.

RARE TREATS!

no waiting, no delay
-see them today

SON OF ACKERMANSION, the Editor's combination home & museum in Lee's Angeles, Karloffornia, is the scene of almost daily additions to the collection started in 1930 of stills, posters & press-books.

But rather than make you wait for an appropriate date—a time when we're revisiting, say, the mysterious WAX MUSEUM

where Fay Wray broke the face of Lionel Atwill, or we're sailing aboard the PHANTOM SHIP with Bela Lugosi—we pass "Wait" and go directly to "Now" and show you the faces of Atwill & Lugosi, Lorre & Chaney, etc.

Yes—see them now!

No waiting & no delay!

Today! This very instant!



AW
SHOOT!

Jason Rabords is excited to try out his new toy in *FLIGHT TO FAME*, Columbia 1938, scientific film of a mad inventor whose ray cannon causes destruction of airplanes.



Behind the bearded visage of skillful sculptor Lionel Atwill lay (as FAY WRAY found out to her horror) one of the most horrifying make-ups ever brought to the screen. Warner Bros. filmed it in 1933: the unforgettable MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM.



Striking pose of striking personality: BELA LUGOSI in the 1936 Hammer film THE PHANTOM SHIP (known in England as THE MYSTERY OF THE MARIE CELESTE), about, as Walt Lee tells us in his indispensable Reference Guide to Fantastic Films, "an insane deck hand who gets revenge by tossing everyone overboard one by one."



He asked for a close shave but this was ridiculous! From the fantastic farce MR. WASHINGTON GOES TO TOWN with the late Mantan Moreland.



CAREFUL, THERE, PETER!

Ralph Bellomy warns Peter Lorre (page facing) to be careful with that slippery slicer, as he (Bellomy) looks to the future from 1936 as **THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE** to his role as the "kindly" doctor in **ROSE-MARY'S BABY**, 1968.



Never-before-seen scene from the **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN** with Boris Karloff on the operating table.



Ikito (PETER LORRE) thinks it would be neat-o to give the Invisible Man a manicure—right up to the elbow—in *INVISIBLE AGENT*, Universal, 1942.

CHRISTOPHER LEE TIMES THREE

his talks to a trio of filmonster fans

captivating america

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS may have discovered America but CHRISTOPHER LEE sure discovered how to captivate Americans! That was the opinion of millions of his fans who had the opportunity to see him in person & on TV during his recent tour of the USA.

Three of his fans had the thrill of talking with him over the phone or face to face... and herewith share their experiences with us.

first, brimstone bramson

Greg Bramson is the creator & host of TV's Museum of Horrors program over KXAS-TV, Ft. Worth & Dallas, Texas. "The Man with the Golden Gun looks & sounds a lot like Dracula," he tells us, continuing:

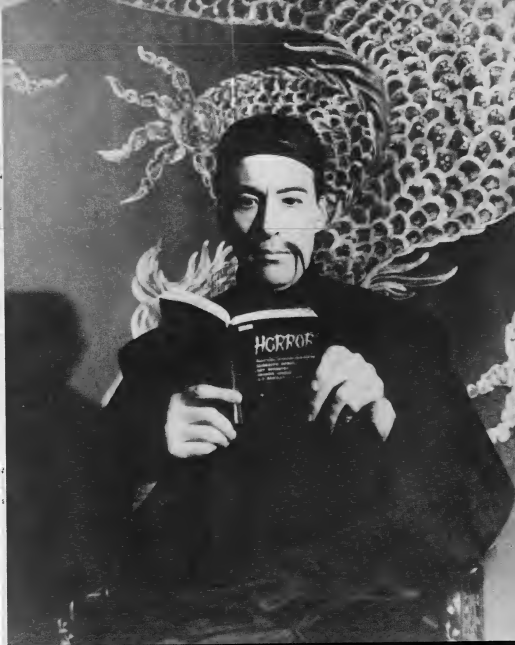
November the 6th, 1974, was the day that the former Count Dracula visited our Studio. Now when I said "former Count" I meant it and so did Christopher Lee when he told me he was finished with Horror—of all kind.

The tall & very distinguished Mr. Lee

was passing thru town on a promotional visit for his latest film, **THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN**, in which, as you probably know by now, he plays the villain who gives James Bond a hard time—and an excellent job he does of it, I'd say. The only thing is: that Dracula image is still there!

While talking with Mr. Lee he told me that even though there is an art to making good horror films he is trying to get away from them. He said that out of 125 movies in which he has appeared, only 14 of them were horror. Now you & I know that to be false and that's what prompted the four of us to whom he made this astonishing statement to dare contradict him. We volunteered the information that between us we could probably name 30. He stated that most likely what we considered horror he considered fantasy. Nevertheless, he left us and went to another interview and was quoted as saying out of 125 films he had only made 25 horror.

Most important of all, I was very glad & honored to meet Christopher Lee, who is one of the Top 10 Actors in the world in my book.



Horrors! Is it to be the end of horror for Christopher Lee? Even Fu Manchu would have to agree that would be one of the most horrible things that could happen!



FM femme Jamie Sommerfeldt shares this striking profile of Christopher Lee with you & me.



As he appeared in one of his lesser known films, *EVE*, in color in 1968.

thru other eyes

Carol Scardino, who lives in a suburb of Chicago and is surely one of Christopher Lee's most ardent fans, shows us how he looked from a female admirer's viewpoint:

Can you believe it? After 15 years I finally got to meet "Him"—and he was wonderful to us.

He was in Chicago for a day, in conjunction with his tour of the States promoting his Bond picture, so my husband & I together with our daughter raced down to the airport with fingers crossed that we wouldn't miss him in that crowd.

Suddenly—there he was, not 10 feet away from us, and Sam rushed up to shake his hand and welcome him to Chicago. Well, he was so friendly and pleasant to be with. We got his autograph and he posed for several pictures (I'm surprised that my husband didn't blind him with all those flashcubes popping!) and at one point a newspaperman said in a hothotter tone, "We are waiting for you to take the pictures!" and gave us a withering look (the newsman, that is). Feeling that we had already taken up too much of his time, I was ready to leave but Christopher gave the newsman one of "those" looks and said, "You will HAVE to wait a moment! *This is my fan club!*" in those low tones. And he continued to chat with us. It was wonderful—he made us feel 10 feet tall.

At first my daughter Lisa was a bit afraid of him but after he talked about his daughter she'd take quick peeks at him and finally posed with him for a picture. When I took out a photograph for him to sign, he recognized it at once and said, "Oh, I know this one. It was taken at Forry's home!" All in all we had a perfectly enjoyable time.

In person he is so totally different from the villainous roles he portrays on the screen and he is one of the most sincere personalities I have ever had the pleasure to meet.

It is my fondest wish that all the fans could know how truly gentle & kind Christopher Lee is.

"earsay"

And finally, an 8-minute interview over the phone conducted by Donald "The Frankenstein Legend" Glut when Lee was in L.A.

There is much talk circulating thruout monster fandom these days about Christopher Lee. No, fans are not discussing his latest horror film or wondering how long it will be before he again dons the fangs, red contact lenses & black cloak of Count Dracula. Instead they are going about with sullen faces because of a rather portentous rumor that has carried over to the various news media.

The rumor, simply stated, is this:

Christopher Lee has turned his back completely on horror films.

The statement is certainly startling, considering the number of horror films Christopher has made since achieving stardom in the genre with



Of fangs & tongues. Christopher Lee about to have his tongue removed in *THE MUMMY*, a scene mercifully unseen by Occidental eyes but, we understand, included in the Oriental version, the much bloodier one released in Japan.

the Hammer films *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1957) & *HORROR OF DRACULA* (1958). It also seems rather startling that an actor who has repeatedly expressed a genuine interest in the horror genre would suddenly do an about-face to the type of movies that made him a star.

Back during the years of World War 2, the government printed myriad posters warning people against believing unsubstantiated rumors. Panic is often the result of such beliefs. And before *Monsterdom* plunges off the deepest end bemoaning the loss of one of the genre's finest actors, let me describe the following events.

I'd met Christopher Lee on several occasions, one being at the 1972 birthday party of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* editor Forry Ackerman in his original Ackermansion. That same year I interviewed the British actor at length for my upcoming book about Count Dracula. Lee had just completed the Hammer film *THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA*. He promised that this was to be his last *Dracula* film because of his disenchantment with the way the character was presented by that studio.

In the past, Christopher had said he wasn't going to portray the Count anymore on the screen but for reasons of his own he always managed to put on the ebony cape. But with the completion of *SATANIC RITES*, the actor made good his promise.

During my interview with him, Christopher said that he wasn't getting any younger. And if he were ever to expand his abilities to more significant pictures, now was the time to do it. This is perfectly understandable. Apparently the only hindrance to Lee's appearing in non-horror films from the very beginning was his height, a physical quality that made him a natural for such roles as *Frankenstein's Creature*, *Count Dracula* & *Kharis the Mummy*. Lee always possessed the

talent for enacting straight dramatic roles and it would be selfish on the part of we horror film buffs to begrudge him the furthering of his career.

Christopher's turning point came with the recent production of *THE 3 MUSKETEERS* (wherein he played another nefarious role) and its sequel *THE 4 MUSKETEERS*. Lee had suddenly become a "legitimate" actor. At the same time he did not return to the *Dracula* role. (Hammer has already completed another *Dracula* film, *THE LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES* and announced another, *KALI: DEVIL BRIDE OF DRACULA*, both *sans* Christopher Lee.)

The second major film following his last performance as the vampire Count is the recent James Bond extravaganza, *THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN*. Lee was in the United States last November & December on a personal appearance tour, plugging the film for United Artists. When he failed to appear at the first Famous Monsters Convention which coincided with his New York stopover, fans recalling the rumor panicked. And when he arrived in Hollywood and contacted none of the friends he had made on previous visits, the panic metamorphosed to despair. What explanation could there be other than that Christopher Lee had, indeed, abandoned the genre?

Christopher & I had been corresponding for two years, during which time he wrote the introduction to my book on *Dracula*. The introduction arrived in the mail literally days before I heard the distressing news of his alleged abandoning of horror films. Could his change in attitude have happened virtually overnight?

The morning after Lee's appearance on TV's *Tonight* show, I telephoned United Artists' publicity department. I explained that I was a friend of the actor and wished to leave my telephone number; if he weren't busy, he could call me back.



From wooden stakes & silver bullets to a Golden Gun! Even when his hair has turned to platinum, we know CHRISTOPHER LEE will be one of the big favorites of FM's fans.

Photo by Larry Parsley



Greg Bransom, one of our interviewers, with Scaramanga—THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN.

The UA publicity department did better than that. They told me the name of the hotel at which Christopher Lee was staying.

I telephoned him immediately.

We spoke for only 7 or 8 minutes. The reason for the brevity of our conversation can also be applied to why he had not contacted anyone. There simply wasn't time. His entire schedule was taken up making personal appearances, doing radio & television talk shows, etc. and if he had even a few hours to sleep he was lucky. His entire stay in Hollywood totaled only two days and he was leaving for the next state on his agenda within a few hours of our telephone conversation.

But during that brief talk, I asked him the heavy question. His answer was the one I'd hoped to hear and I hope all readers of FM will agree.

Christopher Lee has not turned his back on horror films. He has abandoned the Dracula role until a film is made which presents the character exactly as Bram Stoker portrayed him in his novel *Dracula*. As far as new horror movies are concerned, Christopher will act in them, providing they are good films made from good stories.

I wish him luck in his search for suitable horror film material. For if Christopher Lee continues to act within the genre, we shall all benefit from it.

THE END

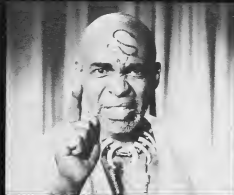
MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER 82

HE'S MEAN AND HE MEANS IT!

JOHN BARRYMORE? WILLIAM HOLDEN? JOHN BURY-LESS? GOLDIE HAWN? Guess again. The film itself was made 30 years ago and, Walt Lee reminds us in his magnificent Reference Guide to Fantastic Films, was about an insane scientist who came back from the dead. Lee adds that, oddly enough, the creatures promised in the title failed to appear in the picture!

BOM THOZE LEAFY VEILS isn't very good spelling but if you rearrange the letters properly they'll give you the name of the horror film in which the actor above appeared.



ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 81

At time of going to press *Nobody* (that's Nathaniel Q. Nobody) had yet identified this picture so we're going to give you one more issue to get your guesses in. We'll reveal the answer next time.

In the meantime, Ivan Kossak, Jerome Cattone, John G. McGehee & Donald Farmer correctly identified *Lionel Atwill* (in *GENIUS AT WORK*) in FM #114 and Eric Jonathon, Bill Lozeor, John Norris, Vincent Bossone & Thos. McNamara correctly named *PSYCH-OUT* as the mystery pic in FM #115.

mad doctor? diabolical scientist? no, he's

SAINT PETER

the feature you demanded on
PETER CUSHING

by benjamin varrelman

a living legend

VAMPIRE KILLER! MAKER OF MEN!
DEATH'S DEPUTY! MUMMY DEFIER!
GORGON FIGHTER! THESE & many
more are the roles of terror that have been
ably brought to the screen by Peter Cush-
ing who, along with Christopher Lee, is
one of the first bonafide INTERNATIONAL
horror movie STARS.

In the mid-50s, when Peter Cushing was
44, he had made 13 films—a few on the US
side of the Atlantic, a few in England. He
had been gaining local London notice as a
reliable star of TV dramas, including the
key part of Winston Smith in the BBC/TV
version of George Orwell's horrifi classic of
the future, "1984." At this time Hammer
Films selected him to appear as Dr. Frank-
enstein in their new color version of Mary
Shelley's durable monsterpiece.

And at 44, after 18 years in films, with
THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN Peter
Cushing was finally a star.



The most enduring image of Peter Cushing: as Baron Frankenstein, ill-fated doctor of death & destruction. This time in **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED**, 1970 thriller for Hammer/Worner.



THE SKULL of the Marquis De Sade is in the hand of Peter Cushing ... and murder is in his heart!



1957, when we first began to notice Peter Cushing. As the Master Monster Maker in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Warner/Hammer film.

inside peter cushing

Who is this man? What do we know about him?

Well, despite playing many black-hearted villains & various tormented souls, he is clearly a good & kind man. Only one other horror film star has radiated such obviously real kindness—the late King Karloff himself. (This is not to say Lee, Lugosi and the rest were or are unkind but somehow the internal warmth of Cushing & Karloff shine from the screen like that of few other actors of any type.)

When asked what Cushing is like, Christopher Lee & Robert Quarry independently used the same term: "The closest thing to a saint I've ever met," said Christopher Lee; "He's a saint," said Robert Quarry.

Forry Ackerman: "The obvious choice for Mayor of Halo-wood."

his youth

According to the official biography of Peter Cushing sent to new members of the American branch of his fan club, ever since his birth on Monday Morning, 26 May 1913, Peter Cushing wanted to be an actor. An aunt, an uncle and one of his grandfathers were all actors, so there was something of a family tradition.

As a child in school, he appeared in many amateur productions and also studied painting—the latter a skill that would be of use to him in hard times to come.

When he was 21, he obtained a position with the Worthing Repertory Company but almost missed out on this opportunity. He had written over a dozen letters to the company hoping for a job; when he was invited to meet with the manager, he happily quit his job as a surveyor's assistant—only to be told he wasn't being offered a position as an actor but being asked to stop writing letters!

But Peter's pleas warmed the manager's heart and young Cushing's stage debut was that same night! in a play by J.B. Priestley (author of **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**) called *Cornelius*.

It was in his months with this repertory company that Peter got the best training for his future career. A note: repertory companies are very common in England and less common in America. They are groups of actors who travel around the country, putting on many different kinds of plays. Everyone in the company thus has a chance to play many kinds of parts and learn all aspects of acting.

But Peter Cushing felt his destiny lay in the United States and by 1939 our hero was in Hollywood.

a whale of a start

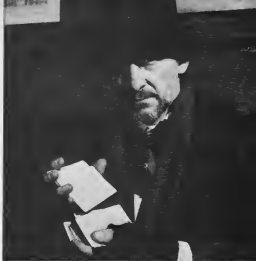
Although perhaps we are presuming too much, it seems that the greatest director of Frankenstein movies may have given the earliest start

to the film career of the greatest portrayer of Dr. Frankenstein!

For Peter Cushing's first major job in Hollywood was in a film directed by none other than James Whale, famed director of FRANKENSTEIN & THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. In this film, THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK, Louis Hayward played identical twins. In the scenes in which two Haywards were to appear together by special effects, Peter Cushing played "the other Hayward" so the director could plan his shots and the real Hayward could have someone to deliver his lines to. On screen, thanks to these expert effects, we see only two Louis Haywards (but sometimes Cushing himself is the Man in the Iron Mask). Cushing also had one line as another character in the movie.

Peter's Hollywood career looked like it was getting off to a good start—he had a prominent part in Laurel & Hardy's A CHUMP AT OXFORD as one of a group of prank-playing students. He was also given a choice role in George Stevens' VIGIL IN THE NIGHT.

But in 1941 the US became involved in World War 2 and Peter tried to enlist. However, he proved unfit for service. After completing a role in James Whale's THEY DARE NOT LOVE, Peter returned to England. He had simply become too homesick and was worried about how England was surviving the war.



Pick a card—you have nothing to lose but your life! The dealer in death is a bearded Peter Cushing in DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS, the 1965 Amicus/Paramount release of 5 short stories of vampires, werewolves, voodoo, a crawling hand & a sentient weed. Christopher Lee starred in one of the eerie episodes.



And the CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN still pursues the devilish Peter Cushing. In real life a saintly person, according to all accounts.



Reclining figure, swathed like a mummy, is Christopher Lee, watched over by his guerdion devil, Peter Cushing, in *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.



Cushing shows concern for his Creature (Michael Gwynn) in *THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Columbia/Hommer release of 1938.

But getting to England during World War 2 was not easy and he had to remain for awhile first in New York, then Canada, until he was able to return to his homeland.

the bride of "frankenstein"

After two days on his brother's farm in Regate, he joined the British organization set up to entertain the wartime troops. While appearing in Noel Coward's famous play *Private Lives* the most important event of Peter Cushing's life occurred: he met & married the leading lady, Helen Beck. (Recently, when Greg Nicoll, a member of his devoted fan club asked him, "If someone were to say 'Who is Peter Cushing?' what would you like to hear said in reply?", Cushing responded, "A man who was lucky enough to meet & marry Helen Beck!")

But after 9 months, both the newlywed Cushings became ill. They moved to London, where Peter was able to get roles in several major plays.

After World War 2, Peter appeared in Dame Edith Evans' successful production of the classic play *The Rivals*. Although this play was a hit, afterwards the Cushings fell on hard times. Mrs. Cushing became very ill and what little money Peter earned went largely toward her medical expenses.

peter & the wolf

But his early training in art finally helped. When he was unable to buy his beloved wife a Christmas present, he painted old-time figures on a piece of silk and gave her this beautiful scarf. One night she wore it to a play in which Peter was appearing and a textile manufacturer

admired the Christmas scarf. Peter was given a contract for 9 months to design scarves and so kept the wolf from the door.

Peter's qualities as an actor evidently attracted the attention of an associate of the great actor Laurence Olivier. Peter was given the important role of "Osric" the messenger in Olivier's Academy Award-winning film of *HAMLET*, frequently on US TV. (As fate would have it, although he didn't meet him then, apparently, another young actor had a very small part in the same film—Christopher Lee!)

Olivier was impressed by Cushing, and Peter with Helen toured Australia with Olivier & his wife Vivian Leigh. When they returned to England, the illness-plagued Peter again became sick and was forced to leave the touring company.

After he recovered, he & his wife wrote to over 50 TV producers seeking a job—and jobs he got. Between 1951 & 1975 he has appeared in over 50 TV shows. The most famous of these have included 1984, *The Creature* (in the movie version, *THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OF THE HIMALAYAS*, Peter repeated his TV role), Isaac Asimov's *Caves of Steel* (soon to be a movie), his guest appearances on *The Avengers* and *Space: 1999* and his own 1967 TV series, *Sherlock Holmes*.

During his busy career on television, he won Best Actor Awards 3 times—The *Daily Mail* Television Award 1953/54, The Guild Television Award 1955 (for 1984) and The *News Chronicle* Television Top Ten Award for 1956.

And at this same time, film offers were coming in. His most important roles until *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* were probably those in *THE BLACK KNIGHT*, *THE END OF THE AFFAIR* (a role of which he is especially

fond) and TIME WITHOUT PITY.

birth of the baron

But the major event of his film career which made him a star, gave him legions of fans the world over and insured he would never again fall on hard times, was the vivid role of Baron Victor Frankenstein in the film that made horror movie history: THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. His career since then is, of course well-known.

His costar in that film was, of course, Christopher Lee. But oddly enough, they had already appeared in the same films twice. In Olivier's HAMLET, C. Lee was an extra, and they both appeared in John Huston's biography of the famous painter Toulouse-Latrec, MOULIN ROUGE.

Recently Peter Cushing's dearly loved wife died. His love for her was widely known to horror film fans and all felt a small share of his grief. He must miss her terribly and now has to learn to live a new life in which Helen Beck Cushing is but a beloved memory.

the man behind the greasepaint

What sort of man is Peter Cushing?

Again, relying on the excellent American Peter Cushing Fan Club, Peter has had an interest in art all his life. In 1958, an exhibition of his paintings was held in London. He is skilled with his hands (so graceful & strong on the screen), having modeled toy trains & airplanes, built model theaters with miniature actor-dolls and hand-made furniture. He has also been an expert on tropical fish & birds.

But all these hobbies are in the past now, for to Peter Cushing his work is his life, more than ever since Helen Cushing's death. In addition to his movie & television appearances, he has recorded for the blind and is active in the fight against muscular dystrophy.

He is deeply religious and his belief has sustained him in his sorrow over the loss of his wife.

As mentioned earlier, Peter Cushing impresses everyone who meets him with his kindness, warmth & thoughtfulness. In short, as Robert Quarry & Christopher Lee have characterized him, he is truly Saint Peter.

actor extraordinary

What kind of actor is Peter Cushing?

He is obviously capable of playing many kinds of roles, from the elderly vague old man in TALES FROM THE CRYPT (a part he chose



H. Rider Haggard's immortal SHE came to the screen one more time in 1967, this time in a colorful MGM/Hammer version.



Beware THE BRIDES OF DRACULA, Dr. Van Helsing—and the Count himself, who in this 1960 version for Universol/Hommer was played by the memorable David Peel.

over the one offered him) to the fascistic leader in SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN—

From the sardonic scientist in ISLAND OF TERROR to the foppish Osric in HAMLET—

From the tormented doctor in CORRUPTION to the blackhearted Sheriff of Nottingham in SWORD OF SHERWOOD FOREST—

From the Dr. Watson-like Major Holly in SHE to Sherlock Holmes himself in HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES and his TV series.

But like all stars, Peter Cushing is often cast in similar parts, because everything about him—his small, wiry frame, his narrow face, his intensity—seem to make him so well-suited for these parts. Other fine actors played the same sort of person many times. Humphrey Bogart was frequently the gangster or the detective, James Cagney many times the bright thug, Bette Davis the hardened woman, Boris Karloff the obsessed scientist, and so forth. It is no shame for an actor to be typecast; in fact, it generally means steady employment. Cushing's versatility is without question, so his playing similar parts is only proof of his reliability.

These somewhat similar personalities which Peter Cushing so often embodies boil down to a scientist-type, calculating, aristocratic, humorous, brisk, shrewd, driven, energetic, enthusiastic and, above all, intelligent. This type can be a villain, as his Baron Frankenstein frequently is, or a hero, as his various Dr. Van Helsing's always are. His scientist-type parts have included the characters just mentioned and the roles in such other films as THE MUMMY, THE SKULL, THE VAMPIRE BEAST CRAVES



Cushing & Lee, great friends in real life, in dramatic confrontation in real life in THE CREEPING FLESH.



Peter again made skins crawl in **THE CREEPING FLESH**, 1972, Tigon/Columbo shocker of evil incarnate, with Christopher Lee.



Peter in **FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**, Warner/Amicus Technicolor

BLOOD, HORROR EXPRESS, ISLAND OF TERROR, AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS, THE CREEPING FLESH and, of course, the epitome of this type of person, Sherlock Holmes.

the "chemistry" with chris lee

Producers soon saw that there was a "chemistry" between Peter Cushing & Christopher Lee and they have made more thrillers together than any other horror movie "team". The films they have made together are interesting for the contrasts in the roles they have both played. Excepting **HAMLET** and **MOULIN ROUGE**, the films they have appeared in together have been:

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Cushing—the creator, Dr. Frankenstein

Lee—the creation, the Monster

HORROR OF DRACULA

Cushing—as Van Helsing, who destroys

Lee—as Count Dracula

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Cushing—as Sherlock Holmes, who saves

Lee—as the last of the Baskervilles, from

the Hound

THE MUMMY

Cushing—as John Banning, who saves his wife from

Lee—as Kharis, the living mummy

THE GORGON

Cushing—as Dr. Namaroff, who hides the gorgon's secret from

Lee—as the elderly swashbuckling Prof. Meister

DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS

Cushing—as Dr. Schreck, who is Death himself, and shows

Lee—as Franklyn Marsh, his death in the Tarot cards

SHE

Cushing—as Major Holly, who briefly confronts

Lee—as Billali, the scheming high priest

THE SKULL

Cushing—as Christopher Maitland, who murders

Lee—as Sir Matthew Phillips, friend & fellow collector

ISLAND OF THE BURNING DAMNED (... DOOMED, on TV)

Cushing—as Dr. Stone, killed by invading monsters that

Lee—as the mysterious Hanson attempts to destroy

SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN

Cushing—as Benedek, destroyed by androids;

Lee—as Fremont, one of the strange creatures

ONE MORE TIME

Cushing—as Baron Frankenstein and

Lee—as Dracula, momentarily encountered by Sammy Davis Jr.

THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD

Cushing—as Phillip in one of several stories,

Lee—as John Reid, a terrified father, in another

I, MONSTER

Cushing—as lawyer Utterson, confronting



In 1970, for Amicus/AIP, he was involved in bloody doings together with Christopher Lee & Vincent Price, in *SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN*.



Under the influence of *THE SKULL*, Peter Cushing is about to stab beautiful girl in Robert Blach's horror story for Amicus/Paramount Technicolor release in 1965.

Lee—as Jekyll/Hyde (here called Marlowe/Blake)

DRACULA A.D. 1972

Cushing—as modern-day Dr. Lorrimer Van Helsing & ancestor vs.

Lee—as dying & resurrected Dracula
HORROR EXPRESS

Cushing—as Dr. Wells, who meddles with the discovery of

Lee—as Sir Alexander Saxton, another scientist

THE CREEPING FLESH

Cushing—as Dr. Emmanuel Helder, good guy, who combats

Lee—as his bad-guy brother, James Hildern
NOTHING BUT THE NIGHT

Cushing—as Sir Mark Ashley, who helps his friend

Lee—as Col. Bingham, uncover a murder mystery on an island

THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA

Cushing—again as Lorrimer Van Helsing who prevents

Lee—as Dracula (for the last time?) from conquering the world

plaudits for peter

Yes, Peter Cushing is a fine actor. Have the films in which he has appeared been worthy of him? Unlike Karloff, and especially Lugosi, the

answer for Peter Cushing is, by & large, yes. And has he been noticed in them?

Here are some quotes about Cushing concerning some of his lesser-known roles.

In *JOHN PAUL JONES*, with Robert Stack in the title role, Cushing was a guest star as Capt. Pearson, who was the commander of the battleship *Serapis*. It was to him that Jones uttered his famous defi, "I have not yet begun to fight!" In the Los Angeles *Herald/Examiner* for 1 March '59, the reviewer said, "We have an excellent cast, including members of the Old Vic company like Peter Cushing."

In *Variety*'s 11 January 1961 review of the Hammer Robin Hood movie, *SWORD OF SHERWOOD FOREST*, the reviewer singled out Cushing. "Peter Cushing plays the Sheriff the way the Sheriff should be played—wickedly with a trace of hapless desperation."

In the super-spectacular *ALEXANDER THE GREAT* with Richard Burton as Alexander, Cushing was frequently cited in reviews for his skill. Typical of these comments is this one from *The Beverly Hills Citizen* for 29 March '56: "Peter Cushing . . . stands out well as the Athenian General Mammion whose wife . . . captures Alexander's heart."

One of the many medieval adventure films of the 1950s was the entertaining *THE BLACK KNIGHT* with Alan Ladd. *Variety*, in an 8 September '54 review, praised our Peter: "Peter



Together again. Cushing & Lee in **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**, a Sherlock Holmes adventure from Hammer/UA in 1959.

Cushing does a sterling job as Sir Palamides, the principal villain."

His best notice before his advent in horror films came in the 27 March '55 *New York Times* review of the love drama, **THE END OF THE AFFAIR**.

One participant... emerged not only unscathed from the reviews but also with an enhanced reputation. This is Peter Cushing, who plays Miss Kerr's somewhat unprepossessing civil servant husband.

Cushing, who has been giving a good account of himself in the theater in a quiet way for some years, caught the public eye in a number of television plays and has achieved the distinction of being acclaimed "Man of the Year" in... dramatic TV. This has led to a number of film roles and to what Cushing calls his second career in movies, pointing out that he has been in & out of films in minor roles for the past 16 years.

plots of peter's pictures

Many of Peter's films are already well-known to readers of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**—his performances as Van Helsing & as Dr. Frankenstein are part of horror movie history. But there have been many of his films which just aren't as well-

known. There's usually a good reason—the films aren't shown on TV or at conventions very much.

For example, Robert Bloch's eerie tale of mysticism & obsession, "The Skull of the Marquis de Sade," was filmed by Amicus under the abbreviated title of **THE SKULL**. Cushing played Christopher Maitland. (STOP PRESS!!! Why does Milton Subotsky, co-head of Amicus & their principal writer, bate Maitlands? In almost every one of the movies made by Amicus a man named Maitland dies a horrible death! Did a Prof. Maitland flunk a teenage Milty Subotsky? Did an Officer Maitland give Milton an undeserved traffic ticket? Did a critic named Maitland mercilessly pan his first picture? At Amicus, somebody apparently has it in for Maitlands, and it's Milton Subotsky. Why?) Cushing's portrayal of a man who gradually & unwillingly succumbs to the power of the demons which inhabit the cranium of de Sade is a near-classic study in helpless terror. His death at the climax has the feeling of tragedy as well as of a release from torment.

END

To be Concluded Next Issue. Plots of Peter's Pictures! Filmography! Words with Cushing Himself!

THEY AXED FOR YOU!

horrors in your future

In the past you've been used to our feature **YOU AXED FOR IT** where you get pix from yesteryear. But you also know **FM** is where you can depend on finding the **UNusual**. So this time we give you fright fotos from...the **FUTURE!** Send requests to Dept. **UX4, FAMOUS MONSTERS**, 145 E. 32 St., NYC 10016.



Attacked by an army of super-intelligent ants! That's the fate of Nigel Davenport in **PHASE IV**. The creeping horrors are also offer Aaron Schneiderman, Jerry & Ed Turner, G. Hertz, Steve Sandstrom, Scott Dunn, Paul O'Connor, Kenny Abromowitz & Cory Brown ... and **YOU!**

Have no fear, **DOC SAVAGE** is here! George (WAR OF THE WORLDS) Pal has done it again! The 1930's nostalgia hero is now in the 70s, brought to the screen in all his glory (and what a action-packed mystery-adventure story!). Preview peek for Jan-athon Burghart, Barry Wooldrige, SP/5 Glen E. Stack, John R. Duffer, Daug Eskis & Zedko Rosas.





Starving mobs run riot thru the streets! A killer is hired to protect the only vegetation left! Such are the intriguing ingredients of (tentative title) **THE BARONY** with Yul (WESTWORLD) Brynner. For Mark Huster, Peter Volentik, Terry G. Pace, Douglas Hostler, John Robinson & Charles Luno.



THEY AXED
FOR YOU!



From William (HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL) Castle comes the world's greatest mime, Marcel Marceau, as a deaf-mute puppeteer who plays a bizarre game with life & death. First we see him talking to one of his new puppets; later, as the doll-man itself! In SHANKS. Shanks for the memories of Tim Albrecht, John Speidel, Hector Lebron, Dwayne Neff, Sam Bruce & Tim Richmond.



Also coming from "Mr. Shock," Bill (THE TINGLER) Castle, is THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE, the hottest horror film in years. A deadly swarm of fiery creatures rises from the bowels of the earth and leaves a wake of death & horror ruled Here Bradford Dillman examines one of the flame-throwing horrors—and later they examine him! For David Coleman, Timmy Meier, Michael Dowell, Mrs. JMWolfe, Col Jabour, Steve Slocum & Stephen Borr.



Here for Dawn C. Mickey, Roger Snyder, Saul Fischer, Chris Azzato, Scott P. Farris, David Swiger & John Mulford is the exorcism-bound ABBY, and as you (and her costar Wm. "Blockula" Marshall) can see by this ghostly makeup, the ods are right: "Abby doesn't need a man any more... the devil is her lover now!" Who else would want her? See for yourself on the next page!



THEY AXED
FOR YOU!

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Mystify everybody! You can do it with these spectacular "Strange Change" Hobby Kits. The attractively packaged kits come with everything you need to make the perplexing moveable models pictured on the cover except the paint and glue. The three dimensional, highly detailed model pieces have been molded from durable, high-quality white plastic and are easily assembled. Complete instructions are included. Simply glue the model together, point it out and you have a handsome "magic trick" you can be proud of. Amaze your friends with them all!

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Open the finely sculptured sarcophagus over 7' long and behold an entombed phantom, peacefully at rest. But you have disturbed his slumber and when you next raise the lid, his malevolent, swiftest eyes glare at you. Quick, close the lid! Scopes it, and the phantom again sleeps peacefully. How does it work? You constructed the sarcophagus, laid the mummy, painted them realistically. You will know! But your friends will not believe that, now. www.2623.14.57.10



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awake from his sleep of the
dead? Toul Open the casket
lid and display his dusty skele-
ton. Now close the lid. Say
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reset the lid, Dracula in the
undead flesh comes out of you.
How do you do it? The secret
is in the construction and
since you built and painted
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acoustic sits at the complicated game full of disks and switches. The Time Machine is ready to throw its occupant into the far distant past or future. But which? Will he arrive to assist Mesopotamians as among advances? Martians? Golden age, close the door and call out "Strange Change." Open the door and Akkadian? He's surrounded by raging, prehistoric rage? Or the future? The door reveals the time traveler safe back in his cockpit, with his hand on the lever, anxious for another flight in his 80-ton time capsule. How does it happen? You built it, pointed it. You understood the capsule's inner workings.

HERE'S HOW THEY WORK!

Each model has a stationary outer shell (the collar, sarcophagus and exterior of the live machine), and a movable inner figure (the vermin, dummy and live invader) plus his background. The figure is pinned at two points in the outer shell, propelled by a very tightly wound rubber band that runs through its center. There is a small secret panel attached to the back of the figure. The figure then has a small lever in the back of the head, which is depressed when the doll or lid is closed, allowing the rubber band to unwind and pull the figure to the lid, causing the figure to fly around.



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FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN



High in the Carpathian Mountains, a mad scientist works to revive the Frankenstein monster. And he succeeds, in spite of the living corpse's do battle with a vampire, a werewolf, a vampire, a vampire, and a vampire. Fight between the monsters is one of horror film's most intense. Stars Lugosi as Frankenstein, and Chaney as Wolfman. #2227/\$7.99

DOOM OF DRACULA



Bela Lugosi portrays a carnival owner who locates the remains of Count Dracula. He brings the vampire back to life, and sends him on an utterly diabolical mission. Seen, however, Lugosi's notion, he has made a mistake, as Dracula turns on him! John Carradine plays Dracula. Scripted by "House of Frankenstein" film. #2246/\$7.99

THE INVISIBLE MAN



This is of the original motion picture featuring H.G. Wells' classic character. This effort introduced the great Claude Rains to the industry. Starting special effects by John P. Fulton, which show man who becomes transparent due to scientific experiments. A chilling, absorbing film, one of the all-time greats. #2237/\$7.99

HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



Follow-up to Boris in "Doom of Dracula." Karloff stars as scientist disguised as Count Dracula, who is journeying the world-over in search of the Frankenstein monster. And, finally, he finds it... returning it to life. But then, trouble! For the Monster attacks on the scene, to destroy the doctor and his new "partner." #2247/\$7.99

THE "ORIGINAL" MUMMY



One of Karloff's most memorable performances; one of the great horror films. Expedition in Egypt uncovers tomb of Mummy in-ho-ho. That night, he comes back to life. After murdering one of the scientists, the damaged desert mummy for London. Here, he seeks the reincarnation of his one-time Egyptian mistress. Film is in-ho-ho-ho! #2224/\$7.99

THE MUMMY'S GHOST



Here is an exciting sequel to "The Mummy." Lon Chaney portrays the man of nefarious deeds, as he terrorizes a scientific genius about his latest sarcophagus. And, as he would have it, he tells for the young lady scientist who is a part of this expedition. This Mummy is more brutal, more deadly than the Karloff one. #2269/\$7.99

REVENGE OF THE CREATOR



A sequel to the original "Creature" film, this movie has a second excursion into the beast's Amazonian lair. To capture the monster. They take him into captivity and civilization. There, from the center of an aquarium pool, the Creature brutally mangles his captives and escapes! Remount, the Gill-Man kills, remount! #2254/\$7.99

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF



One of the most popular monster movies in history. A young boy with a psychical gift to solve his various hang-ups. But the doctor, himself, is outraged, and hypnotizes the boy. Under hypnosis, the young man is convinced by the psychiatrist that he is a werewolf. Then, it's off to kill for the doctor! #2221/\$7.99

RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE



This is the big one! Vampire vs. werewolf in horrific shocker. Bela Lugosi portrays the bloodsucker, who stalks a frenzied woman. And, then, together, the two go in search of unsuspecting victims. Lugosi is at his menacing best in this, one of his best vampire roles. The ending is a gripping one, that must be seen! #2257/\$8.95

RETURN OF DRACULA



Dracula is back, in the form of actor Charles Loder. The Count moves into a small, isolated town and begins to turn it into a vampire, sucking the blood of the town country folk. And then, he goes mad... until the infamous monster is killed. One of the most intense Dracula films ever produced. A must. #2275/\$7.99

MAN-MADE MONSTER



A team-up of two great horror actors. Lon Chaney Jr. portrays a mad scientist, and Lon Chaney, a truck driver killed in an accident. He discovers the body and through the use of high-voltage electricity, brings Chaney back to life. But the truck driver is no longer human! He's become an electric monster! #2264/\$7.99

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME



A classic of film-making. The second film of Hugo's immortal novel stars Charles Laughton. The story is a classic. The young girl is the France of yore. A sensitive monster movie. #2258/\$7.99

TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA



Many fans of horror films consider Christopher Lee the best screen Dracula. And in this film, his awesome talent is in evidence. Tall, violent, and menacing, Lee is the immortal count here, he travels from Transylvania to London. He plans to taste the blood of respectable families in the great city. And it does, brutally! #2265/\$7.99

STRAIT-JACKET



Joan Crawford, star of "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" joined with "Roxanne's" Boris Karloff to create this modern-day horror classic. This film is not for the faint-hearted, as it is about a series of brutal axe-murders. It's Crawford victim or killer? Whichever way you killings appear in this film. A real shocker! #2266/\$8.95

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS



Peter Lorne stars in this incredible film of a concert pianist. So far, not very interesting. But when he is possessed by devilish madness, his gentle hands become instruments of violence. And then is unleashed the incredible Beast With Five Fingers. Lorne is at his terrific best, with a fine supporting cast. #2270/\$7.99

FANTASY CALL RECORD ALBUMS!



Remember the 1960's and HIGH COME! is Super Heroes? Well, we've managed to get a special limited supply of this rare comedy record in Mock-Super Hero Style, marked for the short-stroke-picked and Lefty (with her... and parking spaces) of laural's bar-bar's. #3337 COMIC BOOK HEROES \$5.95



BELA LUGOSI is a SUSPENSE radio show from the 1940's, complete version. A deluxe must for devoted Lugosi buffs (all legends of youth) as it has a special spoken theatrical portrait by Bela's own SON—BELA LUGOSI, JUNIOR! A large collection of 11! #2236 SUSPENSE/LUGOSI \$6.95



Sit back and relax to sounds of the howling wind, rattling chains, shrieking screams on the borders of coffee, muffled laughter, and all the other sweetly sweet sounds of a haunted house! Great fun for parties. Frighten your friends. A Halloween delight! #2341 SOUNDS TO MAKE YOU SHIVER! \$4.95



Put on your own seance! Put on your friends! Want to be a medium, and have talks with a spiritbox? This record by Hollywood musicians and monster music master Vernon Lundgren shows you how! Put on Swedish style tea's fancy #2335 OR ORIO'S HAUNTED SEANCE \$4.95



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The Celebrated Case of the Firebug: Marjorie Wilson in Marjorie, who boasts: "That's the end of Tracy, boys! The worst heat of him again!" But Even YOU should have better than that, Hotfoot, pie-saltures heat! Actual authentic old-time radio broadcast! Collectors, get CUCK TRACY #2332/\$6.95



VOLUME ONE of two Jack Benny crowd out of his walk is help you to live far may be the first time THE SHADOW, THE LONE RANGER, MR. PERKINS, and his own FIELD ALLEN has. A musty nostalgic must for old radio buffs! Order GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOL. 1 #2259/\$6.95



VOLUME TWO of two Original broadcasts of GANGBUSTERS, TERRY AND THE PI-RATES, NINE CROSBY, and on the spot coverage of the Denzong-Lenny fight, this movie! A fine entertainment package! Don't miss these radio classics, GREAT MOMENTS IN RADIO VOL. 2 #2340/\$6.95



Here's 2 complete radio shows: The Masked Man and truly Santa help a week back to to Gumbell Harewell and then to Baggy! and then protect the Telegraph Company from the wild Indians, Great action, great effects. Ancient commercials. Belongs with the LONE RANGER #2330/\$6.95



Two full radio adventures from 1948! Guy captures jewels of the Queen of Sheba and his Secret Squadron fights a last-battle of conquest and peevishness! Excellent! The old breakfast drink commercials alone are worth the price of the record. Old classic radio at best. CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT #2331/\$6.95



Superman's complete origin story, from old Krypton all the way to the Daily Planet building. Hear him go swoosh through the speeded machine, and help the Man of Steel by fighting the evil and evil railroad saboteur. Good of radio chills, thrills & blunders. SUPERMAN #2328/\$6.95



Futuristic. Nostalgic. Best Buck Rogers and his eye, Worm Service in the 25th Century, as they fight Black Bart, the arch-villain from Mars, and monkey around with a super-scientific "Spin-Logic-Revolver"! Learn that space ships didn't happen till 24th Century! BUCK ROGERS #2329/\$6.95



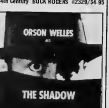
THE MALTESE FALCON was a boxed statuette that brought death to thousands, riches to Gumbell Harewell and then to Baggy! Humphrey Bogart stars in another Harwood year, "Love's Lovely Counterfeit." Two super radio adventures from the 1940's. A beautiful MALTESE FALCON #2334/\$6.95



BORIS KARLOFF is the greatest evil comedy of all time! ARACNE & Old Lace, Bela Lugosi stars dandy in The Dr. Prescribes Death, a Spanish melodrama, too! A superb bargain MUST for collectors of horror and horrific humor. A hilarious and terrifying duo. ARACNE AND OLD LACE #2335/\$6.95



"Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" Better believe that! Lament THE SHADOW! Christian drama, as he takes on a whole career of evil winds in the radio adventure, "The Case of First" A masterpiece of nostalgic 1940's gothic, mystery, horror. Order THE SHADOW #2326/\$6.95



This century's greatest and most-revered actor, Orson Welles, as THE SHADOW! Telepathically searching down (and down) thieves who plunder and prey on helpless victims. Added only by Marcia Lane and a young witch doctor. Classic drama! ORSON WELLES/SHADOW #2333/\$6.95

2001 MOON BUS



2001, A Space Odyssey is by popular acclaim, one of the finest science-fiction films ever made. The effects in this film were spectacular... breathtaking. The props and vehicles were as realistic as our present projections of the probable future of space travel could make them. Now, Warner Bros. has a plastic model kit of the Moon Bus used in 2001. It is modeled in realistic and very detailed scale after the vehicle used in the movie from high-quality styrene plastic. The model can be assembled from the many parts following the detailed instructions included in this deluxe package into a miniature moon bus 10 inches long. The top of the completed bus, which may be shaped like a figure and moon-rocks. Moon Bus kit includes instructions, decals and instructions. #2615/\$9.99

WEREWOLF NOSE!

TURN YOURSELF INTO A WOLFMAN!

Now you can own the same unique, high quality body appliance that was used to turn Lee Remick Jr. into his werewolf character, The Wolfman. Apply to your face with spirit gum (available at most drug stores) or with Crazy Skin paste, as directed below. And, when the hand-painted nose is fixed on your face, apply the gruesome face fur, as shown below. You will be a complete werewolf.



There are two large holes in the appliance, for easy breathing. So, by the way, you'll want your head to be bent to the side when you're at it, or else you'll be breathing through your nose. And, while you're at it, order our fangs, glowing eyes, and other make-up items. You may be the next Wolfman. #2666/\$1.99



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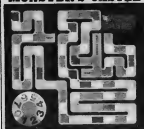


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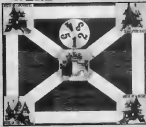
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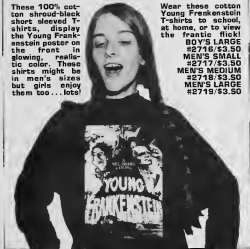
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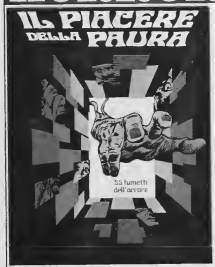
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"IL PIACERE DELLA PAURA" 10"x 12" HARDCOVER BOOK ON THE "PLEASURES OF FEAR"

This high quality 220 page Italian book has something for everyone interested in the horror comic genre. It begins with seven full color pages of Windsor McCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" (you can't find a much finer opener than that). It proceeds through early EC pages into the present with examples from adult underground European comics and the American comics underground with sample stories by Rich Corben and Greg Irons. Many American and European "above-ground" publishers are also represented, including five Warren Publishing black and white tales reproduced in full. Samples are included of European work by such foreign favorites as Esteban Maroto, Jose Bea and many whose work is less familiar to the majority of the American horror comics audience. The text in Italian doesn't present as much of a problem as you might have expected. The art tends to speak for itself. "Il Piacere della Paura" has the best in international horror comic art and authorship from McCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" to Corben's "Cid & Opey!" Order this book now! #21170/\$13.95.

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COUSIN EERIE



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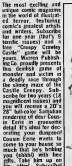
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FANG MAIL

(Continued from page 4)

WANTED! More Readers Like



DAGAR TULG the 3d

A FAN IN NEED

I have a very bad problem. I am 14, my parents say they don't like me reading FM. When I am paid I sneak away from our house and walk 6 miles to the nearest store that sells FM. When I come back and my parents see the book, they hit the ceiling. They tell me "throw it away" but I hide it in my cabinet. Can you tell me how to convince them it's not for 2-year-olds? Please help me.

NAME WITHHELD AT EDITORIAL DISCRETION

Believe me, young fellow, I wish I could. In the 20s, maybe even still in the 30s, this attitude on the part of parents, instructors, the Establishment, could perhaps be vaguely understood. But not today—not in the fabulous, fantastic future that we're now living in and only those with imaginations like yours can hope to cope with, shock by Future Shock. Be glad of one thing: that your parents only hit the ceiling and not you. Give them time—maybe they'll grow up. And someday they'll THANK you for having hoarded your FMs, for you can sell them at many times what you paid for them—unless you want to keep them as a treasure trove for your OWN lucky children—and with the money put your parents thru college.

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JAMES ALLEN

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COLLIN MERENOFF

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I have been reading FM since #32. Monsters are my world. MY BROTHER & FATHER have been reading your magazine since 1963. I never miss a single issue. I think monsters will be my world for a long time.

LARRY PAULASKAS
Elizabeth, N.J.

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JAPAN FAN

I have just finished issue #114. Now I think of myself as an unprejudiced monster fan but 114 had my all-time favorite monsters, featuring big Godzilla. You did well in presenting Japan's collection of monsters. I think the diagram showing the studio & the miniaturization effects of the airplanes, tanks, etc. was just great. And that ends the how-they-do-that questions about Japanese films. I know many readers think very little of Japan's monsters as unrealistic because "you can see the movements of the guy upside" or "you can see the strings on the airplanes." Well, the only reason they see the strings is because they are looking for them. A movie is made for scaring, education or taking you into

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another world of enjoyment & fantasy but how is it going to do that without you wanting to go along?

GERALD MARCELO
Tequesta, Fla.

Guess some fans require their fantasy with no strings attached.

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HEY, KIDS SQUIDS ARE IN



SQUIDS are in this issue, that's for sure! 'Cuz we're celebrating the Birthday of the Man Who Put the Mystery in **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**: the Great Ray Harryhausen! Get in the Swim with This Super Issue, Also Featuring Christopher Lee and (wheel!) the Mighty Ymir!